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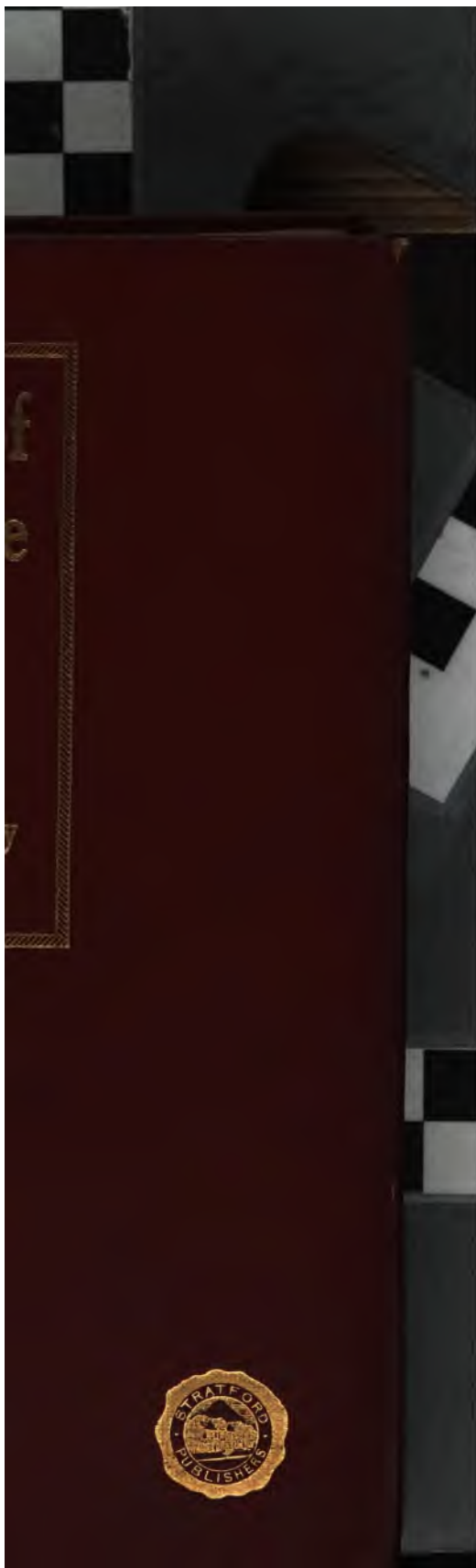
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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Poets of the Future

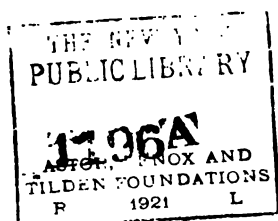
*A College Anthology
for 1918-1920*

Edited by
HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph.D.



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T.L.



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*To the
Singers of the Songs of Youth
This Volume is Dedicated
by the Editor*



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Preface

We beg to thank the college professors, the students, the editors of the various student magazines, and all the others who have generously co-operated in the compilation of this year's College Anthology.

Introduction

EVERY disease generates its own antitoxin which ultimately overcomes the poison of the malady. The same seems to hold true in the moral world. The selfish ultra-materialism of the present day is, paradoxically enough, accompanied by a most significant renaissance in poetry. Were it not for this phenomenon, the barbarous greed of this grab-it-while-you-may generation of ours would seem to mark the beginning of the disintegration of our civilization. As it is, however, there is still hope that our poets, who are the real missionaries of the world, will yet some day convert the Christian nations to Christianity. And it is the young poets, the poets of the future, in whom our hopes are centered.

These young poets, to judge from the work submitted for this year's College Anthology, are more eager than ever to direct our gaze to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow while the rest of us are slobbering through the mud for the less real, because the more material, gold pots of the earth.

The poems published in this volume are all of them, I believe, distinguished by that ardent eagerness that is characteristic of the young seeker for

INTRODUCTION

the truth. Few of them are masterpieces, to be sure; but how many real masterpieces have ever been created? How clumsy a piece of idiotic botch is even the greatest poem in the presence of a simple little soap-bubble that reflects the sunlight! Yet most of these poems represent a sincere attempt on the part of the writer to picture some ray of the eternal light, however imperfectly he sees it.

And this sincerity is the one great hope that all's not yet wrong with the world. I do not know how many of these poets will continue to search for the truth. For Truth, while it is the most dangerous weapon against ignorance, is at the same time the most expensive. All other weapons can be bought with money; Truth can be bought only with suffering.

But even if the exigencies of life in the coming years should stifle in some of these poets the instinct to search for the light and to proclaim it when found, it will yet be a joy to have been numbered in their youth among the Seekers, if not among the Seers.

The Editor.

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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Wild Honey

SUSANNE KNAUTH

Radcliffe College

Out of the hedge-rose, heavy with gold,
A veil of wings in the summer air,
A drop of amber in shadowed wold;
Who passes there?
Under the leaves of the mountain tree,
Fanning the grass with misty wings,
Through ranks of junipers wanders the bee —
And solemnly sings —

“Out of the hedge-rose, laden with gold,
Here where the frost-grape’s arms are twined,
Who’ll count me the silvery bells I’ve tolled?
Making honey for none to find.”

Sweet wild bee, who’ll count me the words
Never a soul will understand?
Sung to the wind, like a song of birds
Under the willows of brook-side sand.
For thus I go with my foolish rhymes —
Toys they are for a lonely mind —
Go through silent and secret climes,
Making honey for none to find.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Vagrancy

TESLA V. LENNSTREND

State University of Montana

A vagrant breeze in passing swiftly stirred
The intricate vine to murmurous calling;
Thru airy dreams the apple blossoms heard,
And drifted like silken kisses falling,
The while my breeze limned a dainty code
With cherry boughs on azure space;
He tossed the myriad dusts up from the road
To instant life, and ran a race
With shadows across the grass; he flung the light
Of robin's song across the day,
Wrote anew a rune of blossoms white,
And flickered in arrowy light away.

Of old this vagrant bit of scented air
Had stirred the canvas Jason spread
In long ago, lifted the fragrant hair
On Grecian Helen's brow, and shed,
In Rangoon, perfumes of the eastern seas.

My errant fancy journeys as the breeze.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

A Night of May Rain

TOM DAWSON

Washington University

Into the May grass the rain is weeping;
The night wind begins an air of sighing;
Out of the dark, like a spider, grief comes
creeping,
Out of the past come tears and futile crying.

The rain makes louder plaint on the drive maples,
It lashes bitterly upon the drive,
Where sparks of silver shoot from shiny pebbles
And surge into mists, that vanish and revive.

But heavy tears are exhausted after a moment,
And the plaint resumes from grass and drives
and trees,—
A dreary burden, single-toned and endless,
Like the distant restless wash of ebbing seas.

It has anguish like the moan of November wind,
It is as old as a smooth-backed mountain chain;
Tribal failures and griefs of sheeted epochs
Find voices in the weeping of the rain.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Out of the night come children with starved
faces,

And women with wet hair and averted eyes,
And pale faced men, like Christs or Judases;
The rain weeps, and they fade before they
speak.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Spring on the Prairie

BLISS SEYMOUR

Illinois University

Spring across the prairie, with pussy-willows
flying,

Nests of golden glory in the hearts of daffodils,
Rolling green of meadows, and the breezes
sighing —

(I wonder if the redbud is aflame against the
hills).

Sky against the prairie, and apple-blossoms
blowing,

Meadow larks a-carolling that all the world's
in bloom.

Robins, mad with melody, where the spring is
glowing,

(But oh, to hear the whip-poor-wills, wailing
through the gloom.)

Singing in the sunshine, laughter in the gloam-
ing,

Breath of flower-fragrance, through the dream-
ing air,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Sun upon the prairie, and all the world is hom-
ing,

(But spring runs down the hillsides, and I
cannot be there.)

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Crowded Heart

FRANCIS JENNINGS VURPILLAT

Notre Dame University

Blest are these climes
Where Nature rises one with Christ;
All living things resurged,
One resurrection has sufficed.
Here Easter wakes the Spring anew:
Chaste chalice lilies raise
Her offering of crystal wine of dew
On altars of green-breasted hills
Attended by a reverent flock
Of bowed-head daffodils.
The budding sentries of the oak
Turn out her leafy guard.
The robin tunes his far-fetched harp;
He is her minstrel bard.
The ardent south wind whispers
"God-love" to the rose;
Nature's fairest blossom blushes
And all the world her secret knows.
Some lover learns the secret:
(In spring, 'tis easy learned)

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

From this same whisper to a maid,
Far rosier blushes are returned.

Pity those who do not feel
A springtime in them start
Like the barefoot boy who whistles
Because he has a crowded heart.
They're not alone for poets,
These gardens of the heart,
Where one feels as something growing
In a heaven world apart;
For common sunshine's really brighter
Beamed from living things,
The God-made world about us,
The growing, giving things.
In these in Spring we see Him,
For He is risen again
Here, now, and all the years
Going before us just as then.
None but the blind or still-born soul
Ambition's pawn or passion's slave
Need wait to see Him at the grave:
Too late, to see with anguished stare
The stone rolled back —
He is not there.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Come, we, too, must rise again.

Awake the soul that slumbers long
On snowy bosom of forgetfulness,

To share the Easter springtime song;
The thrilling notes of birdling throats

With Nature's score before us,
When blossoms sing the verses

And our hearts bring up the chorus. .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Commuting in June (From Fort Myer into Washington)

BETH M. EASLEY

Randolph-Macon Woman's College

The wind's a tough veil at my throat
Blowing swift from the bordering hedges,
Honeysuckled and dew-drenched the hedges.

As we whirr towards the mist in the distance,
Little towns snuggle down in their foliage,
Graveled pavements gleam white in the sun.

Where tall buildings begin there are people
With the morning's sun in their faces.
They pace steadily on, yet the rythm
Of June plays tricks with them, too —
They smile at the brightness, those queer
Many people!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Indian Summer

ANNA CLYDE PORTER

Randolph-Macon Woman's College

The heavens bear the tint of bluebird's wing,
And in their azure depths the white clouds float.
Th' inverted bowl of which the Persian wrote
The sky is. See! A perfect golden ring
Of new-cut wheat and corn fields glittering
In sunlight is the rim. A faint, sweet note,
So like a whisper from the bluebird's throat,
Reveals a stream, thru grasses filtering.
The road leads past a bridge and up a hill,
Now pausing 'neath a low-boughed walnut tree,
Then on to where the west begins, and still
Beyond the west, forever calling me
To follow where it leads until — until —
At day's end in the sunset I shall be.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Arbutus Blooms

ROSALINE BERMAN

Goucher College

My fingers are running a race
To finish your dress of white,
Spring in your sheltered place
Is a rondo of quick delight,
But spring in this crowded room
Is heat and bricks and duty,
And a drooping wilt of arbutus bloom
Is a lightning glimpse of beauty.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Summer Rain

IRENE MAY ANDERSON *University of California*

Ghost-child from the hilltop
Throws its silver shadow
Over the burning road.
We feel its baby tears upon our faces —
The dusty road, the little pool and I.
The valley is a flaming cup, uplifted.

Come down into my heart's temple-room,
Dweller of the hilltop;
Let your tears fall for a moment
In the white silence there.
Let them soften the scar made by the fire,
Let them blur the stain made by the torrent,
Let them wash clean the tracery of dust
From off the floor.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Autumn Winds

KATHRYN HULBERT

Connecticut College

Today I must climb up to windy places!
Brave hill-tops leaping to the sky;
Dive into autumn-fired woods of Fall,
And gather all the strength that I have lost.
O winds, smoke-scented, sunrise-strong,
Sweep all my clouds away;
Teach me to find Myself again,
And live as free and glad as smoke, or fire,
Or river running laughter-mood to sea.
I seek the strength of windy hills today.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

November

EDITH PETTY SHEARN

Barnard College

Down on her knees
Delving
In the cold earth

Digging with pointed stick
Among the clods;
Gouging eye-sockets in the earth,
Round deep sockets without eyes.
Into the sockets she presses bulbs,
Their firm white bodies
Slipping from out
Brown cloaks
Cloaks which rattle away
Over the black earth in the wind,
Rattle, and are torn to shreds
On the bones of the lilac bush.

Down on her knees
Closing
The eyes of the dead earth.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

October

EDNA DAVIS ROMIG *University of Wisconsin*

I think this is the hearthstone month
When Summer with her tasks all done
Rests for awhile beside the fire.

Her maple candles are a-lit
And sumac flames.
Asters and goldenrod in bowls of jade;
Baskets of perfect apples are beside her
And brown nuts.
Books lie on the table,—
But she is lost in hazy fragrant dreams.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

To a Dandelion in January
On The College Campus

EUGENE JAY

William Jewell College

I see you peekin' thru the snow at me
When all the world is in its winter dress;
And all the other flowers are warmly housed
Or fast asleep, tucked in by Mother Earth.
You just pop up your tiny golden head
As if you dared Old Jack to nip your nose.

I like you for it tho, you seem so brave;
Just like the men of this great college here
Beside whose towering walls you love to smile.
Thus all your gay-faced frizzle-headed family
Are like all loyal hearted college men —
You shine when all the world is dark and chill.

When tasks are hardest you can persevere;
When discontent is multiplied you shine;
When all the world around is cold and drear
You make it brighter with your cheery smile.
When others say they can't and cease to try
You lift triumphantly your gold-crowned head.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Change

WALTER B. WOLFE

Dartmouth College

The asters
Are gone from the forests;
The fluttering snow has covered them
Forever. . .

The meadows
With trembling tresses of green
Are changed to ermine, lustrous, white
And silent. . .

The leaves
That rustled underfoot
Murmur no longer as we pass,
But sleep. . .

The river
Has stilled its overtones.
Deeply its winding curves are locked
In crystal hush.

Snowflakes

ELIZABETH CLARKE

Mt. Holyoke

They sifted through the branches dark above,
A faery band of snowflakes feather-white,
A shifting troop, blown playthings of the wind.
Down, down they come with airy floating lilt,
Down from the misty stars and crescent moon;
Through the black fragrance of the forest boughs
They shift and sift and like a moonlit dust
Silently flutter and fall and rest beneath
The trees, a covering soft and silver white.
A frail wind winds a legion up the hill;
They cling and cluster, patterns on the twigs
Of fir and pine. Another driving breeze
Hurls through the night a blinding rush of
sprites
From places misty-vague and vast above;
They tack and fall in silent melody
And lull the earth and woods to dreamless sleep.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In December

HOMER M. PARSONS

State University of Montana

I am the shadow of the autumn leaf
That fell two months ago.
I am wasted and spent until nothing is left of me
But memory—and a wistful sigh.
I am a ghost of the past; even cottage doors
Are closed against me.

But I can remember days when I was welcome;
Days when the summer sun was warm and bright,
And the cottage doors were flung open
And I danced there in the sunlit kitchen
A sprightly dance — while a little child
Crept and cooed and patted the floor joyously
In his endeavor to catch me.

Days and days, and happy days — till came
A day when the substance of me, (I am the
shadow)
Drest herself in a garment of yellow and red
And ran off with the night wind.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The trees are empty now, and in the night-time
I creep among the branches, seeking,—
Seeking I scarce know what.

Last night I looked down through the cottage
window;
I could see the fire in the cook-stove, hear the
kettle sing,
And watch the happy faces of the man and his
wife
As they sat down to supper, there in the yellow
lamp-light.
The child in his high-chair laughed,
And banged his tin plate on the bib of his chair.
Even the shadows looked happy and contented.

Now I think I know what it was — this thing I
sought —

But
I am a ghost of the past; even cottage doors
Are closed against me.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Ole Winter's On De Road

CHARLES BOWIE MILLICAN *Emory University*

Honey, doan yer hear dat wind er-blowin'
 'Roun de co'ner ob de house?
Sho dat tells old Winter's sot on comin'
 Brennin' 'long Sis' Fros', his spouse.

Up de chimley goes de flames er-cracklin';
 Sparks dey scatter ez in fear;
On de rack de kittle hit 's er-whining;
 Tabby's curled up in de cheer.

Ducks an' geeses dey is headin' soufwerd,
 Fer I've heerd de leaders call;
Snow-clouds dey is passin' fas'ly onwerd;
 Cow she lows, de yearlin's bawl.

Punkin's dey is yaller, kaze in strollin'
 Seed I one down in de fiel';
Cuckle-burs is rattlin' an' er-fallin',
 Blue sow's pigs dey 'gins ter squeal.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Hear ole Ring out in de yawd er-howlin'

At de harves' moon dat's low?

Hush! de squinch-owl's at his creepy tollin'.

Mister Groun'-hog's 'bleege ter go.

Wood I'll cut an' pile hit in de cornder,

Kin'lin' put beside de door,

Chink de cracks an' shet up tight de winder,

Spread de tow-sacks on de floor.

Let de firs an' pine-trees start dere moanin',

Let ole Autumn gib her sighs,

Let de whole worl' pitch right in ter freezin' —

We doan min' ef all dese dies.

Yer jist nestle close ter me, mah darlin',

Cole an' keer let go er-long;

Fer I'll keep de banjo strings er-hummin'

'Gin an' 'gin lub's ole sweet song.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Snowfall

CAROLINE GERRISH PICKARD

University of Missouri

There once were hills that lay beneath the sun
Fold upon fold to the world's end, but now
Only gray snow, whipt by the bitter wind
Swirls endlessly.

Once there was sun, and the blue sea, and you;
Green pastures, where grew scarlet strawberries,
Deep woods that hid the swinging orchids, pink,
Shining through purple shadows. But the snow
Is ceaseless, falling, falling, gray
From grayness unto grayness into the dusk.

Once, we two
Swam in green waters rimmed by ruddy cliffs,
Against whose sunny sides the rollers broke
In cream and emerald; where peacock pools
Held velvet sea-anemones. But here
Snow.

Snow upon the air, the sky, the earth,
Blinding, bewildering, gray. Against my face
The sharp insistence of the icy flakes,
Beneath, the heavy drifting through the dusk.
Once there was sun—and the blue sea—and you.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Good Fairy

KATHRYN QUARLES

University of Texas

Long, long ago, when I was young
Not more than four, I'd say,
Sister and I would go upstairs
To make the beds each day.

She'd get there first— she's bigger than I,
And then I'd hear her say:
"Oh, Inglo Shinglo Shiccola Shay,
Please make these beds today!"

But when I'd climbed up to the door —
'Twas so 'most every day —
Inglo had come, had made those beds,
And then had flown away.

But though I always ran to look
Out of the window, there,
In trees, on roofs, or in the road
He wasn't anywhere.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I wish Inglo would fly by now
When I have work to do!
I think it's strange he answered her
But can't hear me—don't you?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Boy Dreams

ANNE WALBRIDGE BUFFUM

Mt. Holyoke

I'm a death-defying pirate on a barren, tropic
shore,
With swarthy throat and scarf of knotted red.
There is plunder on the sand
And a pistol in my hand —
And the first man that moves is dead !

I'm a gull that flickers westward toward the
lonely, waiting sky
Where the sunset pours its gold upon the sea,
Till the sky is faintest pink
And the stars begin to wink,
While the west wind croons a lullaby for me.

I'm Prince o'Faery, Prince o'Dream, King of all
the Elves.
My home's a cloudy Castle in the Air ;
There's peacocks on my wall,
And a fairy waterfall,
With magic-colored rainbows everywhere.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I'm aboard a Chinese junk creaking sluggish
down the stream,

Her cargo's rich with silks like flakes o' dawn.

The river licks its lips;

Yellow, whispering,—on it slips;

Down its lazy, gurgling tide my craft is drawn.

But I'm really just a little boy that ought to be
asleep —

A-drowse to watch the shadows in the park.

The night wind lifts my hair,

Stirs the branches, thin and bare —

And the big stars sail across the dark.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

A Child's Dream of China

FRANCES B. STONE *Western Reserve University*

Have you ever been to China-land,
That amber, teak, and jade;
That blue, that far-off China-land,
Where fairy tales are made?

Where fairy tales are made, just think!
Stirred with a wooden spoon,
By yellow Chinese lantern light,
Beneath a Chinese moon.

They make them out of peppermint,
And cinnamon and musk,
And lolly-pops and lemon drops,
And Christmas Eve, and dusk.

Have you seen those Chinese ladies
Sailing tea-cups with a spade?
Or the pretty China children
Eating rice and marmalade?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Have you seen the Purple Plum Tree
Shake down its silver leaves
On green and grinning China-men
Whose hands are in their sleeves ?

On green and grinning China-men
All seated in a row,
Singing songs to small pink lanterns,
Which are turned extremely low ?

They sing of purple tea-pots
In a melancholy strain ;
They sing of painted elephants,
And then begin again.

Their song is very sleepy
And their music very odd,
And their heads keep nodding, nodding,
Till they can no longer nod.

The Fairies

DOROTHY WYCKOFF

Bryn Mawr

Where are the Fairies that we used to know?
There was a time when, just at fall of night,
We often saw a tiny, greenish light
Dance down the lane. Nurse would not let us
go
Beyond the gate, but there we stood. And
though
We saw not clear, we knew the merry sprite
Whose winking lanthorn made the wet leaves
bright
Nurse called and called—our answering steps
were slow.

And when we lay in bed, but not asleep,
We heard thin music down the valley pass;
And, happy, drowsed and dreamed; then out
would creep
At dawn, to find warm circles in the grass.
Is glamour gone forever from our hill?
Or is it there—for other children—still?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Sleepy Song

RUTH EWING TOLSON

Elmira College

Lan' sakes, Honey,
Yo' bettah go ter sleep,
An' close yo' beady eyes up tight;
The Fol-de-rol am waitin'
Jest outside the door—
He mayn't come in, but then agin he might!

Good Lo'd, Honey,
He'll ketch yo' if yo' don't!
His red eye am a-shinin' like a spark!
His tail am a-wavin'
Slow—jest so—
An' his yaller teeth am showin' in the dark!

Look here, Lam'y,
Now don't yo' be so bad;
Yo' let yo' bunny out for over night.
That Fol-de-rol am settin'
A-waitin' at the door—
He mayn't come in,
But then agin—
He might!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Reflection at Night

FRANK B. SUMMERVILLE *Holy Cross Seminary*

I spread a net of moonbeams
 In the waters of my soul.
I set a toil of night-dreams
 To hold a barcarolle.
I drew new mysteries from the deep
 And heard soft music in my sleep.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

An Infant Lamentation

GLENN V. GOETZ

Georgetown College

Oh, will they ever know the Thing I want?
Or, knowing, will they ever give me it?
They seem to hover round to tease and taunt,
Instead of trying to please, a little bit.
They stare at me until I wish they'd quit;
They feed me Horlick's Malted with a spoon,
And say, "Now what can ail the little chit?"
When all I want is just to have the moon.

The moon his independence likes to vaunt
At evening, just before the lights are lit,
He rises slowly from his day-time haunt,
Smiles through my window pane, and passes it.
To bag him would require little wit.
If they would pounce on him some afternoon.
I'd gladly let them wash my face "with 'pit,"
If they would only let me have the moon.

Queer dolls and bells and jumping-jacks, they
flaunt
Before my eyes as—screaming loud—I sit

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Upon the floor, and kick my maiden aunt,
Who wonders if I'm going to have a fit.
Then grandpa gives my nose a little twit,
And makes those funny faces, so that soon
I'm laughing. I like grandpa, I admit,
But, oh, I wish he'd let me have the moon!

Oh, Prince! Why does my grandma only knit?
And why does mother only softly croon?
Why don't they up and show a little grit,
And go outside and bring me in the moon?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Crickets

HILDEGARDE FLANNER *Sweet Briar College*

*"The crickets are chirping gaily in the old
rose garden beneath my window tonight"*

With a tiny, fairy shrillness, in a tune so faintly
sweet,

The crickets chant beneath the flowers their
charms to please your sleep,

They sing in silvered pipings of the rose in satin
red,

Who sits upon a jade-green throne and bows her
queenly head,

And gives unto the fingering breeze,

Low bending from the guardian trees,

Cobweb laces from her throat, laden with night-
pure sweet

To waft beyond the box-wood wall and spread
above your sleep.

'Neath the copper plum the crickets drag the
yucca's yellow thread

And weave a shawl, sweet-clover scented, for an
elfin bed,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

While they chirp and catch the moon-beams in
the dew to store the light,

“See how the angels give unto us crystal lanterns
for the night!

If thus they love us cricket ones

How must they love God’s own dear sons!

They give us for our bits of patterns, finest
yucca thread—

What must they give the lady yonder in her
poster-bed!”

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Mignonette Fancies

I

RESEMBLANCE

ELIZABETH ILIFF

De Pauw University

Here is a sprig of mignonette
That deep in the heart of my garden grew,
Where the sun shone gold and the sky flared blue,
And the grass grew deep and lazy and wet.

Other flowers are fairer to view,
Gorgeously colored and statelier, too,
And some loved better, they say—and yet—
The fragrant soul of the mignonette,
—And you—and you!

II

EXPERIENCE

Pansy and rue and mignonette
Side by side in the garden grew ;
Panses wide where the dew lay wet,
And deep in the grass the mignonette,
Under the lilac-tree, the rue.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Pansies wide where the dew lay wet.
Great, shy pansies with velvet eyes,
Dreaming dreams when the sun had set—
That age would remember though youth forget—
Till the dawn star flamed through the purple
 skies.

And under the lilac-tree, the rue,
With its bitter kiss for the lips of youth.
And the youth might go, and the dream die, too,
But, oh, the bitter taste of the rue,
And the bitter face of truth!

And deep in the grass the mignonette,
Hidden deep for a glad surprise,
Age will remember though youth forget
The dear, lost scent of the mignonette
When the kinder memories rise.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Land Round the Bend in the Road

ANDREW J. MOYNIHAN *Notre Dame University*

If you don't fit in with the scheme of things
 In the marts where the slaves are driven,
If you're sick of the swelling of fools and kings,
 Where you're moiled and carried and striven.

If no one waits in the twilight still,
 And there's nothing to lighten the load,
Strike out for the town past the crest of the hill
 And the land round the bend in the road.

Go down through the lanes of the barley and corn,
 By the stream that croons for the bay,
For the blue little bay where the ships at morn
 Toss impatient to take us away.

We will ship heart-free down the world to-
 morrow
 With the sun and the sea and the wind;
Though we never can part from an instant sor-
 row,
 We can leave some memories behind.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Yes, if no one waits in the twilight still,
And there's nothing to lighten the load,
Strike out for the town past the crest of the hill
And the land round the bend in the road.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Fairies' Revel

LORRAINE EICHER

Simpson College

The great blue lake lies silent,
Limpid, clear, serene,
The spell of the moonlight upon it
And touched with a silver sheen,

When out from their haunts in the rushes
The fairies and pixies appear—
Some dressed in the hues of the Springtime
And some clad in dewdrops clear.

Some dance on the lake's polished surface;
Some trip on the velvet green;
Some by means of a moonbeam ladder
On a wide-spreading leaf convene.

Some peep round the water lilies
Whose petals are folded tight;
Some frisk 'mong the waving fern-leaves
In frolics of roguish delight.

At the piercing shriek of the night-owl
They scamper in haste away.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

But the nightwind's soothing whispers
Their sudden fears allay.

So they dance till Aurora's banners
Herald the coming day,
And then to the reeds and rushes
They silently flit away.

And all through the day they slumber
Under the grasses tall,
Till the lamps of the fireflies wake them,
And they hear the nightbird's call.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Gipsy Feet

JANEF PRESTON

Agnes Scott College

My gipsy feet will not be still
From wandering where the far roads go,
When April gives a pine-thick hill
Winds above, wind flowers below.

One far road leads my gipsy feet
To hill-top places in tall grass,
Where patches of the warm light meet
Shadows of low clouds that pass.

One road is a trail half seen
That leads into thin-shadowed places,
Where underneath dark tangled green,
Pink trilliums hide their quiet faces.

One road is a fresh-wet lane,
With sunset lingering at its end;
And heavy yet with trembling rain
Tall black pine trees bend.

Each far road has a curve in it
That homeward brings the gipsy me,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

To light the lamp and sew a bit—
And keep my house and make the tea.

On some blue-distant April day
I know I shall look out and see
A far straight road that leads away—
A road without a curve to stay—
Then who will keep my house for me?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Hollows

*Awarded the Sigma Theta Chi
Alumnae Association Prize of \$25 for
best undergraduate poem of 1918-1919.*

CHARLOTTE E. WILDER

Mt. Holyoke

Nature has many forms she molds to beauty:
Straight cut of cliff, the swooping flight of bird,
And line of shadowed trees; but most of all,
I know, she loves a hollow; curves a cup
In nest or valley; shapes a chalice flower.
Brown leaves, with crisp-curved edges turning
up,
Borne by the wind into some rounding dell;
Water that dimples in the rain, and ocean
Scooped to vast canyons under leaning surge;
Mysterious depths of lakes, and at their shore
White-fingered clumps of birches straining up
Their swaying fringes like some great corolla;
And then, with night, the golden-threaded moon
Tracing a half-rim up the sky: all these
Under the covering hollow of that dome
Reflect its down-turned arch in lifted cups.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Victory

ADALINE KATZ

Newcomb College, Tulane University

To-day I rode into the sunset.
The road was hot and gray with dust,
And fleecy clouds went scuttling through the
 blue,
As if they feared that awful ball of fire.
But I was unafraid. I rode to meet the sunset.
And in the sky
That mass of molten copper never moved,
Menacing those who dared approach the gods.
I laughed aloud, and on and on I rode;
For in my very veins its fire had crept
And I defied the sun, God, all creation!
But sudden all was black,
Night in its swift approach had swallowed up
 the sun,
And I was blind, I could see no more.
I still am blind . . . but, oh! the glory of it!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Lake Michigan

MARJORIE BANGS WARVELLE

Milwaukee-Downer College

At morning the lake was a ballet girl
Swaying before an unseen dancing master.
Her skirts had a thousand flounces
All edged with amber, grey and dull blue.
She rose to greet her master and her lonely
audience,
The lame boy in his wheel chair and me.
She ran,
She halted,
She whistled,
She slowly raised her arms to the sun,
Then she stooped and kissed the sand
While her skirts swept the shore.
She bowed in answer to the glee of the boy
And the smile of me,
And I cast her a shell—a pearl she had dropped.

At twilight she wore an azure robe
Studded with opal and turquoise
And threaded with gold,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

While her breast was veiled with violet shadows.
My lady of the water was sad
And her thoughts were far over the dunes and
 woods,
Yet I saw her stop and bend over two barefoot
 children
Grown weary of their little castles
And lying on the cool moist sand.
With pity and tenderness she caressed their feet
And slowly walked away.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Garden Fence

SARA HAARDT

Goucher College

I want my garden shut in by a fence
Open alone to sky,
With glimpse of flower heads above white rails
Teasing the passing eye.

Within a garden shut in by a fence
Is sweet intimacy,
Flowers you planted long summers ago
Give breath to revery.

I want my garden shut in by a fence
Away from scarlet hours,
A place where one meets immortality
Alone with flowers.

The Garden

A. LOUISE EMERY

Mt. Holyoke

A garden is a place apart
Under a sunlit hill,
Where shadows dance to a haunting tune,
That over the garden the west winds croon
To nodding flowers on a night in June;
A place of tryst
For seers of stars through the twilight mist.

A place apart
For the young of heart,
Where wealth is a petal of primrose gold,
And happiness purple pansies hold,
And life is a tale by a wind flower told;
A place of tryst
For seers of stars through the twilight mist.

And they who walk in that garden,
Keeping the tryst of years,
Have found the centuries' secret
As a star through a mist appears.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Inducement

IRA SOUTH*

University Hall, Galveston, Texas

Their songs all sing the open road,
And yet by curious turn
It's not for the endless trail at all
That the wandering brethren yearn.

They make the ports unknown to call,
But dream in every clime
Of spreading wide their peaceful tents
In some far happy time.

It's searching out this resting place
Their roving lives are spent;
They would lay a hearth and dig them wells
In the country of content.

And just behind yon sea-blue hill,
No man can surely say —
May lie the blessed slopes they seek,
To settle down for aye.

*Deceased.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Lilies in a Pool

SAMUEL HELLER

Brown University

The scented, cup-like lilies,
Their faces white and cool,
Are dreaming on the waters
Here in the crystal pool.

They dream of song and laughter,
Of eyes whose lights are blue,
Of hands and lips and kisses —
Their dreams are all of you!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Sea-Nymph

HELEN FAYSSOUX RUSSELL *Converse College*

The sea-nymph dips her long, green hair
 Into the foaming waves.
A ladder she hangs to the dead down there,
 Whether princes, or rich men, or slaves.
And she sings a song with a purling noise,
 Like the purl of a brook over stones;
And the tale of her sorrows, her loves, her joys
 Floats down to the dead men's bones.
And the bones float upward at the sound
 And bring to the sea-nymph fair
The handsomest gifts for miles around
 For the beauteous maiden there.
The princes bring long strands of pearls
 To twine in her sea-green hair;
The rich men bring up bags of gold,
 And the slaves fruits, rich and rare.
And the sea-nymph laughs in fiendish glee,
 As she sees the gifts they bring.
She sends the dead back into the sea,
 And again her song she sings.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Sea Solitudes

I.

SAND-DUNES

STANLEY E. BABB

University of Texas

The sky is grey o'er the sand-dunes,
And the clumps of beach-grass shiver in the
 sleet-edged wind:
Save for the muffled cries of a north-flying wedge
 of geese,
And the hollow moaning of the sea,
There is no sound.

II

SALT-MARSHES

The wind wails and sobs o'er the salt-marshes,
And ragged clouds drift across the lowering sky;
The ebbing tide ripples through the salt-crust
 clumps of marsh-grass;
A low-flying sea-mew screams,
Silence. . . frost . . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

III.

OFF SHORE

Short, choppy waves breaking into patches of
foam,
A bitter wind slashing off crests of spray and
blowing them hither and thither;
A mass of leaden clouds scudding across the sul-
len, grey sky,
And the hoarse, disconsolate screams of a sea-
gull, beating its way shoreward.

IV.

OPEN SEA

Long waves that curl and break;
Long green waves that yearn upward to the
darkening sky;
A keen wind whipping off sheets of spray,
And on the horizon, the smoke-blurred outlines
of a vessel making slow headway.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Hibiscus

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH *University of Minnesota*

No one has seen me crying.

No one has seen me!

I know a hiding place behind the mountain
Up through the sage-brush and the spotted
cactus.

Soon as I feel the rush of tears upon me
I slip away from the eyes of men and women
Swift as a mountain-beast scurrying to cover.

And no one sees me.

Here by the sea-side among the palms and roses,
I am a proverb for light step and laughter.

Every one knows me.

My teeth hold always a scarlet flower
Bitten from a branch of the roadway hibiscus.
And when the moon breaks through the eu-
calyptus,

Every one knows I dance till the morning
Wreathed and girdled with honeysuckle. . .

Ah, no one has seen me!

Up behind the mountain in a savage canyon

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Cactus rots and red mud powders,
No palm stirs a fronded shadow.
No one is there to make me flash my white teeth
And stand between me and my spell of crying!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

At Dawning

W. POWELL JONES

Emory University

The dawns creeps out to meet the day,
How pale and dim her coat of gray!
And then so quick that flash of red,
Methinks the night in fear has fled!

In thick array there stands each tree,
Whose emerald leaves so velvety
Reach out to grasp, though newly born,
The blue of heav'n, the crimson morn.

A flash of wings, a chirp, "Good cheer!"
Then swift and sure a call, "Come here!"
A card'nal fair with flaming crest
Thus greets his love with bold behest.

A thousand jewels sparkle gay;
The streamlet winds its murmuring way;
A wisp of smoke; a lifting mist;
A day by heav'n-born dewdrops kissed.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Things Eternal

INGEGERD UPPMAN

Stanford University

The wonder of these things eternal!
The scarf of flame-color that sunset fairies left
Upon the steel-blue mountain's breast;
Cherub clouds that cluster 'round
The slim and star-tipped moon;
My lithe bamboo-tree, each spear-like leaf
Holding pendulous a drop of dew;
Myriad murmurs of tiny beings
That live in tall-grass forests;
All countless touches of His hand;
Flashes of a moment—yet eternal!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Crosstown

LEO DRACHSLER

College of the City of New York

Tides
of traffic
and humanity. . .

All
in a
hectic jumble. . .

Surging,
seething,
in the frenetic welter
of a million cross-purposes. . .

Squatting
by the Square,
the Tower points its stony finger
heavenward. . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Night

ALICE SPENCER

Macalester College

The night-time was asleep and all the world
Breathed the sweet breath of tranquil dreams.
I felt ashamed to be awake!
I saw drop thru the stars some golden gleams;
I heard Lone Silence whisper to herself;
I saw steal by, still silvery streams
All shadow-marked and dripping; then
I, too, became a part of all that seems.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Evening Sky

BRENDA GLASS

University of Rochester

Like an Egyptian scarf;—
Dusky, silvery, shimmering blue,
With one great opalescent jewel
Clinging to its misty folds;—
The evening sky lay wrapped
Around the shoulders of the brooding world.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Stormy Petrel

J. H. MANNING

Acadia University

Up the slope and over the crest
I fly like a feather of spray,
So gay and light is my airy breast.
I hover about where the dolphins play,
And splash in the foam and startle away
With a flick of the wings, while colors sheen
In a radiant veil of gorgeous hues—
Crimson and yellow and emerald green
And blues.

Oh, what can compare with this delight,—
To float on the crest of a wave,
And breathe in the wonderful misty light
When the lip curls over and breaks into foam,
A fountain of green, frothed over with white;
And up again on the wings to shave
The toppling verge of another surge:—
This is pure ecstasy, this is my home.

All day long with laughing and song
In a dance with the rainbow I wander along:

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

I race with the sunbeams and whirl with the
breeze ;
And when the red sun
Dips down on the seas
With the swell of a billow to serve as a pillow
I can sleep till the day is begun :
Are there joys that can rival these ?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My Ship
At Sea in a Fog

A. B. STANFORD

Amherst College

I am still —

The throb of the rhythmical engines churn
A smoothness untrembling to bubbles astern,
And I know that my ship is a force.

I can see —

The glare of the stoke-hole, from red below,
Absorbed in the grey, blends to faint tinted glow,
And I know my ship is a poem.

I listen —

A bell ringing harsh in the wide alone
Is softened by mist to a resonant tone,
And I know that my ship is a song.

I wonder —

How far spreads this dreamery, smooth and wide,
In opaque dampness beyond, to hide,
And I know that my ship is small.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Surf

RICHARD L. FELDMAN *Valparaiso University*

Gray waves washing on the beach;
Damp, hard sand beyond their reach;
 Dusk, and the evening twilight falls.
Only the rolling beach-surf calls:
 "Swish, swish!"

Pin-specks of golden stars out-crop,
Thick-studding the gray sky overtop;
 Light thickens; closer stillness falls;
Only the curling beach-surf calls:
 "Swish, swish!"

A shell under foot; a plunge in the foam!—
The combers surge by.—It is miles from
 home.—
Space!—And the thickening silence falls.
Only the foaming beach-surf calls:
 "Swish, swish!"

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Whither Away?

ISABEL E. RATHBORNE *Barnard College*

Whither away, stout bee in the pink-tipped
 clover,

 When all the world is sweet with the breath
 of May,

Whither away, thou velvet-coated rover,
 Drowsily humming all of a golden day!

Whither away, white gull with the sturdy
 pinions,

 Winging strong and free to the open sky!
Is it to gallant Ocean's broad dominions,
 Or a nest on the old gray cliff that thou
 dost fly?

Hunting fish for thy young on the broad sea-
 reaches,

 Gathering sea-weed along the wind-swept
 shore,

Ah, how I grudge thee thy life of the sky and
 beaches,

 Lulled to sleep by the ocean's tuneful roar!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Whither away, brown elf in the fern-leaf
jacket,

Dancing with eery grace on a moonlit hill,
Whither away, thou mischevious thieving
sacket?

Rogue, of pranks wilt thou never have thy
fill?

Thou hast called me out of a dewy morning,
Filled my heart with the wild desire to stray,
I shall be up and off before the dawning,
Mocked by the laughing question, "Whither
away?"

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Dear Old Days

Translated by the Author from the Chinese

S. C. KIANG KANG HU *University of California*

Pleasure lives a moment
And sorrow is with it all the time.
How much is the period of youth in a life
When flowery days live briefly as flowers,
When yesterday's child in his mother's bosom
Is today's old man burdened with children?

I used to play with my bamboo horse,
Riding back and forth around the lakeside,
When peach blossoms fell as red rain
And the water carried some to the east and
some to the west,
My playmate was about thirteen or fourteen;
She joined my hand with her uncovered arm
white as jade,
She sang "Picking Lotus Flowers"
And rushed her boat which broke cold green
glassy water.
Turning her neck and sending her glance

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

To me, she issued no words but a smile,
Then, she raised her oar and splashed along
her way
Till the sleeping mandarin ducks were all
awakened.

I left my country when I was twenty,
Now dim are the paths back to the dear old
day's home,
But the visions hang in my sight and my mind
As in the mid-sky hangs the bright moon.
The moon retains her former brightness
And glints upon my side-hair white as frost.
Playmate, could you know me now if we should
meet,
My playmate who is in the other corner of the
world?

Boys and girls, how trivially
You think and talk about love and lament.
There is no end of love, and so is it with lament.
Do you not see the constant change of autumn
clouds?
The vast ocean may be turned to a mulberry
field,
And each worldly affair hurries to its own end.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Thus is the universe made quiet for a time
Before again the change in which everything
vanishes,
And I am thankful for the little restful ailment.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Tallulah Falls

ALICE COOPER

Agnes Scott College

Glittering, beckoning, faerily hurrying,
So go the waterdrops, ruthlessly scurrying,
Vanishing, blending, in dance never ending,
They weave of the sunshine a star-dripping veil.

There, 'neath the mist-cloud, arising and
quivering,
Sprite of the water, in ecstasy shivering,
Gasping and gushing, with fearful onrushing,
Revoices her weirdly continuous tale.
This is the child of the calm-bosomed stream,
Mirror of cliff and of leafy-boughed shore,
Born of her patience, inspired by her dream,
Here is expression, and quiet no more.
Here, in the roaring, the wild water soaring,
Dive for the slippery, diamond-pierced truth,
Catch, if you can, of the dashing and splashing,
Drink of the fountain of undying youth.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Texas

Awarded First Place in the Bear Poetry Contest

JEWEL WURTSBAUGH

Barnard College

The days have been desolate days—
No sunshine, no scarlet sun-dipped clouds.
Just gray mists and wearisome things
And oh! how I have longed for my land of
yellow daisies and tall stout purple asters,
Where the sun laughs a round good laugh all
the year round,
From the first month to the last,
And the bird songs sound like chimes of silver,
Stolen from yesterday's last shimmering
gleams.
Oh it's a wonderful land, my land!
Far and wide!

There is coastland, riverland, blackland and
sand land,
And the sun shines all the while,
There are mountains, too, though perhaps
You would say they are but mole-furrows,
Left by ancient sightless and furry folk,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

But there are flowers on these mole-furrows,
mountain poppies, goldenrod, and fainting-
blooms,

And everywhere there is old grandfather Cactus
As stolid and cold looking as the wry old face
of a Chinaman.

Then the prairies—vast, windswept, and warm,
Have you ever seen them?

They are great seas that have long been dried
up,

Hot winds and burnings suns have sucked up
their waters.

And left them like the crumpled carcass of a
long-dead buffalo—

Huge and vast and still—

I have seen them often—

In the winter, bleak and bare

In the summer, brown and sere,

And I always think—

“Dust to dust returneth”

Here, then, is the sandpile—vast, windswept,
and sun-kissed—

Down on the coast it is different—

The broad expanse of the gulf sends breezes,
warm and salt, to brush dark, heavy-leafed
palms—

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Ships come into the port—
Ships go out—
Brothers of mankind—
Black and Brown, White and Yellow
Come together from the East and West,
From the North and the South,—
Confused talk—the babble of tongues—hushed
in the sound of a storm from the sea—
The billows froth and foam,
Lap the great white seawall like the tongue
of a maddened dog,
Rush over the crest—and cities—in the
darkness—are silent—drowned—
But oh! the exquisite beauty of the
Valleys and riverlands
As undisturbed and peaceful as a little child
gently sleeping—
Tall, white houses and gardens—
Gardens with magnolias, white bloomed and
heavy petalled,
Jasmine with its wild sweet scent of unknown
things—
Strange lands and the mockery of night—
And soft-scented bay, purple and bell shaped,
Cotton fields white with bloom
Darkies in gay calicoes, dancing and singing—

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Music all the time—

Music in the trees—Music in the rippling
waters.

Oh, it's a wonderful land, my land!

So windswept, so sunkissed, and so rainblessed!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Maine Street

JULIA HATCH

Connecticut College

I hate to walk alone on ugly streets.
Thoughts aren't companions on a cold wet day,
When I clutch desperately, with aching arms,
Damp sliding bundles,
And my rubbers scuff stupidly on the sloppy
sidewalk.

But then a dimple flashed,
From round the hood of the new raincoat
Of a red-cheeked girl.
A lonely little boy, pressing his face against
a smudgy pane,
Gave me a flattened smile as I passed by.
I saw an old-faced little girl look proudly con-
scious
Because I stopped to see the tiny squirming
thing—
Her newest sister.
A tall fair-haired sailor, stooping
To hear the prattle of his sturdy son,
Half smiled at me because I heard it too.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

A dainty little girl, fresh kissed from home,
Brushed soft against me as she ran
To get to school.

Another girl, with narrow huddled form,
Raised, as she passed, her big dull, dark-
lashed eyes,

As though appealing for her stolen childhood,
And a fat Jewish baby gave a smile to me,
From the cherubic bliss with which he sucked
Sticky and bright pink candy.

And so I found I could not walk alone
Along the street where children live.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Roads

IDELLA PURNELL *University of California*

Two roads stretch smooth and white before
my eyes;

Two staffs of equal length are in my hand;
But still I wait and sigh, because at last
I understand.

Oh, happy little childish path, with fairies in
the flowers,
I pause to look again to you, remembering
clear, great hours.

Two roads stretch smooth and white before
my eyes;
The one leads to snow-dimmed, lonely peak;
The other to a city, crowded with
The dear companionship that I may seek . . .

Oh, happy little childish path, help me now
to use
The strength I've gained in running, as I
choose . . .

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Smoke

TED OLSON

University of Wyoming

Life is a trail of smoke on a quiet day,
A slender silken thread against the silence,
Formless, irresolute, aspiring.
One day Death comes,
A wind out of nothingness,
And scatters it—
Who knows whither?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Lure of the Train

BERYL BISHOP-COLLETT *Stanford University*

He is striding through the darkness,
He is striding down the night,
He is throbbing with the pulses of desire,—
And his rumbling chariot wheel
Shooting down its path of steel
Strikes the blackness through and through with
sparks of fire.

From the past of untold ages,
From the depths of unknown vales
From the distances remote and strange to time,
As a monarch from his throne
Comes he on to claim his own,
Calls to follow him away to unknown clime.

And I thrill to hear him calling,
Thrills my senses to enthralling,
Thrills my heart to leap and meet him and
obey;
Panting is his breath and hot,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

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Thrills my senses to enthralling,
Thrills my heart to leap and meet him and
obey;
Panting is his breath and hot,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

But my heart denies him not,
As he folds me in his arms and flees away.

Like the whistling winds we revel
In the riot of our joy;
Like the maddening whirl of dervishes distraight;
Rending all the bands that bind,
Madly leaving them behind,
All the rankling bands of weary toil and fate.

Flying past the fields of poppies,
Flying past the cottage homes,
Flying past the meadows where the cattle
graze,—
Toward the halo mystic, dim,
The horizon's distant rim,
Refuge City of life's weary runaways.

We are riding toward the glory,
We are riding toward the East,
We are riding toward the land of golden
gleams—
And the rythm of the reels
Winding on the iron wheels
Round and round us wraps the gauzy stuff of
dreams.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Shadows

RUTH GILBERT

Mt. Holyoke

Down drift the dew and the misty dusk of night
Like curtains lowered to hide the setting sun,
And shadows quiver black against the light—
Slim fitting shapes that follow every one.
They stretch long fingers out across the grass
And twist them in the roots of sleeping trees,
Fling over me cool garments as they pass
On silent feet, to lands of mysteries.
They linger by the heaving sand-rimmed sea,
Where a white moon sleeps on the water's
blue.
They search the whole earth and eternity
For the world of happiness that died with
you.
Some day from out a silent sunlit place
They'll find your shadow winging down
through space.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

If

ROSE HOLCOMBE

Elmira College

If I were a tree I would
 grow on the breast
Of a hill that sloped to the sea
Where the whispering winds
 could ever bring
The tale of their life to me.
And my roots should cling
 like a child's soft lips
As it croons at its mother's breast;
They should gently draw
 from the living streams
While she cradled me softly at rest.

If I were a rock I would
 lie on the breast
Of a hill that sloped to the sea
That the great sea gulls in
 their constant flight
Should rest for a thought on me.
And the earth would ever
 hold me close

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

As a mistress her lover true
That the pulsing warmth
 of the fecund earth
Might passionless veins draw through.

If I were the grass I would
 grow on the breast
Of a hill that sloped to the sea,
Where the shifting shadows of
 summer clouds
Might promise warm rains to me;
For the tree is the child
 to drink from her breast
And the rock is her lover cold;
But I would be as a
 living shield
To shelter the earth so old.

Afternoon's Ride

L. E. CROOKS *Amherst-Williams College*

All down the village street were children at a
game,

And with our passing, two cried out by chance
your name:

We left the village, dropping like a bird
With broken wing

Past all the flame

In autumn vineyards rioting;

Past weary two-wheeled carts with men

Singing their horses up the grade;

Poplar trees still in parade,

Stiff-kneed to greet Napoleon;

Old crumbling walls

Where men still bring

Their children, saying

"Thus and so

Our fathers' land lay, long ago"

We slipped through dust

At evening set aglow

With the last, lucid light of passing day.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And down a valley where the treetops
 sway
To little voiceless breezes,
And their shadow freezes
Laughter on the lips of men,
Lest from the glen
Long dead kings shall rise again.
We lingered in the plain, all gray
With smoke of evening and of inns,
While sunset on the hills let fly
Crusaders' banners of the days gone by,
Till darkness came and stole them all away.
I did not see these flying pictures, any one—
Only your keen dear face, your hair so like
 the sun.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

A Merman Sings

GRACE RUTHENBURG

DePauw University

Swing high! Swing high! to the windy sky.

Swing low to the open sea!

With the sweeping tide my shallops ride

And bring me dreams of thee.

Sing out! Sing out! to the berserk shout

Of waves on the hard white sand!

I have felt the throb of a silent throat,

And the warmth of a frozen hand.

Croon low, and low, to the ebb and flow

Of hidden waters in coral caves.....

I have seen the wraith of a foundered sloop

Go riding the dawnlit waves!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Beside the Nets

BESSIE BECKER

Hunter College

We dream the noon
Beside the nets,
Until the sun
On the sea sets.

Oh, golden peace
Is in this town.
Where white waves thresh
And no men frown;

And fisher folk
Pass strong and fair,
With bronzed breasts
And sun-gold hair.

They pass and kneel
The nets to mend,
And the tall weeds
Double bend.

And we seem less
Than spindrift-foam:

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The beach shines like
A mermaid's comb,

A seagull skims,
And eerie cries,
A gray ship sways
Beneath our eyes.....

We dream the noon
Beside the nets,
And care not when
The sun sets.

Yet we could weep
At sand and sea,
Soon to come
A memory.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To the Star Near the Moon

MAX DIAMOND *College of City of New York*

Silver squire of the chaste sky-huntress,
What a far-flung orbit!
What a compassed destiny!
Brighter than our sun, thou too the centre
 of a universe
Ardent attendant on enervating girlhood,
Must shine— a satellite!

Striving youth of infinite aspiration,
What a fruitless fate!
World of unguessed consequence, glowing
 with original light,
Must burn— a reflection!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Sardonic Guardian

WILLIAM ELLWELL ONIONS

University of California

The Watchman of the Starry Place
Leans on his staff, and smiles
To see how frantic worlds below
Thro whirling aeons come and go;
Then, with a soured and wrinkling face,
Walks on a thousand miles!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Mountain Mist

E. A. RICHARDS

Amherst College

You are a wonder that never grew from seed;
But, if I remember, a night's creation.
For one day, I saw your clump of green in the
garden
And one morning, you were tipped with silver.
And now you are not anywhere I look,
But a part of your own soil, and of my mind.
We live our counted years for a few sweet
moments
Of which one lost is ill—and very ill,
If I do not live once more in the misty hills
To see a flower made from leaves and mountain
mist.

Mockery

KATE LINFIELD

Boston University

In pensive mood tonight the city draws
A shifting veil of mist across her face;
The faultless lines of beauty change, and seem
The brooding curves of tenderness which age
Has etched; her vivid colors pale to rose
And amethyst; this city which I loved
Has never seemed more fair; long have I known
And worshipped her; have offered youth's
proud gifts,

The deeper homage learned in later years,
The passionless wide wistfulness of age,—
Always remembering in my bitter heart
Tithonus, mortal lover of immortal maid.

A wanton wind has swept her clinging folds;
Above the opalescent mist appears
The slender youthfulness of clear-cut spires,
And in the river's deep reflection, see,
Her lights, like jewels, mock and gleam and
dance.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Chansonnette

W. B. MOWERY

University of Illinois

What is she, the Beautiful,
Singing as she weaves
Flowers into a crown for me?

Spot of sparkling sunshine,
Laughing prisoner
In a wreath of eglantine;
Fleck of foam, whirling foam,
Dancing madly on the wave
Of a swirling, swiftly running mountain
stream;

Kiss of flame, breath of fire
Burning me with wild desire;
Flake of snow from mountain peak—
Pure and white, delicately white,
Soft and wondrous as it sparkles glints of fire;
The gliding supple beauty of the snake
As it trails a fiery way through the sunset
on the lake;
The low, low love-call of the mating whip-
poor-will

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Calling while the twilight thickens,
Hiding, tremulously waiting,
Hiding in a green dim grotto on a
slope of the hill.

This is she, the Beautiful,
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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Painted Wood

MARY PARMENTER

Goucher College

How can there be such silence in the world
As in this gray-green wood fast asleep by this
purple lake?

The very bees have ceased droning in the wild
grape flowers,

Though the air hangs heavy with their un-
forgettable perfume.

Stand still a moment more, horse,—

We are in a fairy tale!

So is that blue heron in the hyacinths.

We must have wandered into the dim forest of
Queen Morgan Le Fay

Yes, for yonder the white sails of her boat
Droop against the cypresses.

A moment more and perhaps a trailing robe,—

Splash!

The heron put down his leg!

Where is my riding-whip?

Pomegranates

LETITIA STOCKETT

Goucher College

In city streets the blue dusk falls,
The lights prick out. Folks hurry by.
Busses are thronged. Sleek motors flash.
"Extra— ship sunk!" the newsboys cry.

Before a little shop I pause
Where Pietro sells strange, precious fruit,
Great globes of crimson, heaps of gold,
Barbaric as a pirate's loot.

I see pomegranates glowing there,
And I forget the strident night,
I hear the song of Solomon—
"Return, return, O Shulamite!

"Thy lips are like a scarlet thread.
O prince's daughter, thou art fair;
Thy garments are perfumed with myrrh,
With aloes drips thy braided hair."

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Dim fragrant gardens close me in,
The city as a dream has gone,
And from the South I feel the winds
Blow soft from cedared Lebanon.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The City

MIRIAM E. ROUSH

Goucher College

I entered the city of turmoil and strife,
Where the streets were all seething and teeming
with life;
I was jostled and elbowed and swayed by the
crowd,
That enveloped me 'round like a turbulent
cloud:
I gazed into eyes that looked forward with
sorrow,
And eyes that still smiled in the face of the
morrow—
Man—but God's work;
And I loved it.

I gazed at the buildings so tall and so wide
And the little squat homes nestled close by their
side;
At the unyielding pavement, and loud-clanging
cars,
And the rumbling great wheels o'er the long
steel bars;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

At the massive late handwork of transparent
glass
That guarded man's luxuries of tinsel and
brass—
Man's work— but God's will;
And I marveled.

I left the great town for a beautiful hill
And looked toward that whirlpool that now
was quite still.
Soft clouds of deep violet, tinted with gray,
Just kissed the tired city and edge of the bay.
There sprang up by magic earth's stars—twink-
ling lights—
And the earth and the sky were alike in the
night—
Man's work—but God's will;
And I worshipped.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Artist Washes His Brushes

MARGARET HAYNE BEATTIE

Newcomb College, Tulane University

Warm water and a mild white soap, to clean
my brushes—

Faithful servants to my dreams, I'll not neglect
them.

Here's the big one all pinkish lavender—

It I used to paint those last few strokes that
give atmosphere.

How the color spreads as I rub it, first on soap,
and then

On the palm of my left hand.

What a pretty color it gave as I spread it, in
sure touches, on the canvas.

Here's another, not a big fat fellow like the
other,

But crisp, for just those touches that in people
as in paint give character.

Its dark hue stains the water, yet the bubbles,
Froth of the white soap, are white again.

Now I'll take this precious one—cobalt always
was a favorite color—

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

It, with here a touch of emerald green, there
rose madder,
Makes a fairy world one loves to dwell in.
Here are many grays, all varicolored. Like
monotonous lives they are,
Yet to each a hue, a color note, that if placed
in just the right relation
Makes an everyday existence beautiful.
There, I'm done now. No! Here are two more
dear tiny things
(I always do forget my riggers):
One all full of clear bright lemon yellow,
The other bluish white— it made a high-light
sparkle.
Now all are finished, even the handles clean.
What an inspiration! A whole handful of tools
all ready
For the master hand I'd like to have
To paint a world's great masterpiece.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Moments

I

G. P. MERRIAM

Dartmouth College

Disordered seas of blasted brick, erstwhile
The homes of men, of Frenchmen, tossed about.
A row of leafing trees, spreading and squat—
Like some divine soul that is beaten down
By sordid knowledge of the world, yet seeks
And seeks the expression of its Godliness—
Lay 'tween my ambulance and me, and death.
The sallow flame of hate fumed in my heart,
And reigned therein. Brute answered unto
Brute.

II

A faint, a scarce-heard drone fell from o'erhead.
I glanced up with sardonic curiousness
There to find beauty, splendor— never fed
A soul from equal richness. The caress
Of sunset's untroubled and puissant flood
Of glory soothed the earth and fired the sky.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The homing Spad whined loudest. The burst
bud

Of shrapnel ever flecked the blue, and nigh;
The tiny bird caught silver from the sun,
And, darting, twisting through the air, did nod
Its flashing beams to all, each myriad one
A jeweled lance of light. I was with God.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Silences

PAUL E. STEVENS

Cornell College

Silence supreme sways a scepter of gold
And comradeship is felt, not told,
When man and man in friendship tried
Sit in the firelight side by side,
At twilight.

Soul meets soul with a silent surge
In the mystic grip of an age-long urge
When, side by side, sit man and maid,
He loving purely, she unafraid,
At twilight.

Like the peace that follows the evening psalm
There comes a vast, an infinite calm,
When Man and Maker hold their tryst
And the soul of Man knows the soul of Christ,
At twilight.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To a Butcher-Bird

WAYNE GARD

Illinois College

Come closer, let me see your glossy coat—
You needn't fear a farmer boy like me,
For truly I enjoy your company —
Come, let me hear the song that's in your throat.
Pick up the fattest grubs my plow throws out,
And carry to that hungry brood I found
In yonder bulky nest, high off the ground,
With feathers lined within, and twigs without.

Your acts of cruelty I long have known;
I've seen the meadow-mice, and sparrows too,
Which you impale on barb or thorny snag.
And yet, that hunter with a blood-stained bag
Who passed a while ago—he's worse than you.
You kill to live—he kills for sport alone.

The Watchmen

THELMA LUCILLE LULL *Cornell College*

I like it in the night-time when the grass is
cool and wet,
And when the winds are whisp'ring of the
wonders they have met;
I like it in the dark-time when the sunlight
all is gone,
And the little fairy watchmen turn their flash-
lights on!

They look among the bushes, and beneath the
leaves they peep,
A-searching for the honey-thieves, where they
rich treasure keep.
And if they catch the rascals—the big fat
Bumble-Bees—
They put them in a deep dark jail beneath the
willow trees.

They're watching all about, too, to catch the
nettle-elves,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

So barefoot children, wandering, will never
hurt themselves.

For if the nettle-elves are caught, they take
away their sting,
And turn them into humming-birds that hum
and whir and sing.

And I never feel afraid, if I know that I've
been good,
To walk alone at night-time in the deep and
pleasant wood;
For the fairy watchmen with their little shin-
ing spark,
Make little spots of safety in the big surround-
ing dark.

So I like it in the night-time when the grass
is cool and wet,
And when the winds are whisp'ring of the
wonders they have met;
I like it in the dark-time when the sunlight all
is gone,
And the little Fairy watchmen turn their flash-
lights on!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Vision

J. ROBERT CLAIR

College of the Holy Cross

Silver

You saw it 'neath the jeweler's glass
Behind grim bars where people pass?
I saw it where the white winds blow
Flash from the crust of winter snow.

Pearls?

You saw them grace a royal ball
When tinted beauty ruled the hall?
I saw their opalescent sheen
Upon an April cloud's fair mein.

Gold?

You saw it in the city shops
Glint on the merchants' counter tops?
I saw it in the sunset cool
Splashed o'er a quiet woodland pool.

Diamonds?

You saw them in a golden crown
That sat above a kingly frown?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I saw them dance like fireflies
Winging the depths of even's skies.

Love!

You bowed your heart to Goddess Gain,
And empty ghosts of things mundane?
I found my love in eyes of blue
Reflecting summer heavens through.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Wistful Journeys

ETHEL STEUER

Goucher College

Come to the heart of the Wish-True Land
And follow your dreams at play
As they drift about in their merry sport
Where the scented flowers sway.
For these are your hopes that have all come true,
And why should they not be gay?
They do not know, though alas! it is so
That more you will dream her as older you

This is the land of the Never-Shall-Be,
And there is your daily dream,
With her quiv'ring body clothed just in shreds,
And her hair a ruffled stream.
But she knows you, and runs with her arms out-
stretched,
And her tear-laden eyes agleam,
She does not know, but I'm sure it is so,
That more you will dream her as older you
grow.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Southern Lullaby

KATHERINE FAUST

Converse College

Hushaby, my baby. Jes, be keeping still.
The wind has quit his teasing and the moon
shines on the hill;
The mockingbird is quiet now; the shadows piling
deep,
And the ghostly swaying, honeysuckle softly
whispers "Sleep. . .
"Sleep. . . Sleep. . . Sleep. . ."
Softly whispering "Sleep. . ."
Silver vines a-twining,
Low, round moon a-shining,
Sleep, baby sleep.
Twisted vines a-swaying,
Silver moonlight playing,
An' all the world a-saying,
"Dearie, dearie, sleep."

Honeysuckle climbing close beside the door,
To make you want a thousand things you never
dreamed before.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Its sweetness drifts across your eyes, so cool, an'
sweet!

Where the silver sifted moonlight is a road for
fairy feet.

Sleep. . . Sleep. . . Sleep. . .

Drowsily drifting to sleep.

The mockingbird is calling,

A star in heaven's falling,

Sleep, oh, sleep.

The little shadows creeping

Have caught the moonbeams peeping,

An' baby should be sleeping,

Dearie, dearie, sleep. . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

"Lazy Lawrence"

(The name given by a few Westerners to heat-waves
on the desert.)

CLARENCE DAVID GREENHOOD

University of California

He is dancing on the sky-edge
In the limelight of the noon,
Shimmering like an image
Over stretch and dune.
And when Lazy Lawrence dances
An airy brilliant spin
Through saphirine expanses
Like brittle gelatine,
He is only dimpled crinkles
Like sheen on Sheba's hair,
With the smell of sand and cacti crackling in
the air
But the lazy fellow's sleepy
Because the day is hot
You'd never see him dancing,
If, in Winter, it were not.
For in our warm siesta,
As lazy fellows do,
We mount the hills, and simply
Start in dancing too.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Chansonnette

STELLA LANGE

Washington University

What is there in a clear-toned voice,
With just a ring of laughter in it,
To haunt my heart both night and day,
And from all other music win it?

What is there in two bright dark eyes,
With just a twinkle in their gleaming,
To flood my heart with golden light
And fill my thinking and my dreaming?

What is there in two parted lips,
That frame the ivory teeth between them,
To make my own lips tremble so
I needs must lift my hand to screen them?

What is there in a sudden touch
Of fingers o'er a blossom meeting,
To send the blood into my heart
And make me turn to hide its beating?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

What is there in a mortal man,
With all th' immortal gods above him
That I should give my heart unasked
And only live to see and love him ?

Andromache

RUTH HAMILTON *State University of Montana*

She dropped the silver shuttle when she heard
 The women's moaning;
Toward the hushed towers like a livid bird
 She winged the gloaming,
There, seeing Hector on the Argive plain, her
 world grew dark.

Her little cry, pain smothered, thru the years
 Has echoed down,
And every warrior's wife has known her fears
 And worn her crown,
And maids at fragile echoes of her tears have
 paused to hark.

Yet do I think the Destinies were kind
 To her of Troy.
Like flowers to feel a Hector's kisses bind
 My hair were joy
Greater than those Grey Three vouchsafe to mor-
 tal hearts to know.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

No peasant love was hers, eventless, long,
 A stormy while
Falls to the hero's bride, yet his last song,
 Soft as a smile,
Sounds in her ears like sea waves in a shell,
 eternal, low.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Antony to Cleopatra

SARA LISTON

Converse College

When the last pulsings of the insistent lute
Throughout the echoing halls had died away,
And the dark dancing girls exhausted lay,
Their lithe grace quiet, their high voices mute;
When many a heavy-lidded lotus bloom
Hung languid on its heavy stem, and all
The flaring torches from the crimson wall
Sent long, uncertain fingers through the gloom
To touch and then to shrink from, waveringly,
Garland and golden goblet and red wine—
(Stillness as of some temple's inmost shrine
Filled the huge, shadowy spaces fearfully) —
Then long and deep into the burning gloom
Of your fixed eyes I gazed, and knew my doom.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Images Japonaises

M. WALTER SOLOMON

College of the City of New York

THE WARRIOR SPEAKS

I have heard the shrieks of the dying
And the roar of ranting seas,
But I fear alone
The hush of snowfall on the temple,
The silence of Buddha.

GOSSAMER

In the autumn I have seen
Sun-flushed maple leaves
Whirled into flaming arabesques
By the wind ;

And in the spring, a dozen Geishas
Dancing a butterfly dream
Under the stars
For sakè-'sotted Daimyos.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

A moon-filled lotus lantern
Glowes on the tomb by the stream.

The elfin fleet flows past with firefly lamps,
And tendrils of incense curl like spectral moths
About the saffron flames;

Gossamery procession of returning souls
Flowing through moon-splashed glades
To a hushed green haven, the sea.

RESTRAINT

As the breathless calm before a storm
Hems in the mountains,
So does restraint encrust my passions.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Song

JOHN P. TROXELL

Washburn College

Days
That I have spent with you
Stand out from the rest
Like thin gold shafts of sunlight
Falling on a dark floor;
Like clumps of violets
Pushing through a cover of dead leaves;
Like wisps of clouds
Making silver pictures
Against a plain sky.

The Butterfly

ELEANOR A. BELL

Georgetown College

O you, my love, are the butterfly,
With the glittering golden wings,
Who visits each radiant flower, in turn,
And to each flower sings:

“I love you, dear little floweret,
With your heart turned gold by the sun,
And your petals flushed by the rosy hue
Of the day that’s just begun.”

And deep you sip of the honey sweet
That’s hid in the heart of gold,
The honey, that’s the truest love
That the heart of flower can hold.

When you’ve taken all that she has to give,
When you’ve sipped the flower dry,
You, gaily fluttering dazzling wings,
To another flower fly.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And I am one of those flowers, dear,
Who blushes for love of thee,
And trembles with every breeze that brings
A breath of you to me.

And when you whispered my name to me,
My petals with blushes burned,
And, as the sun-flower faces her sun,
Adoring, to you I turned.

And eagerly gave of my first love, dear,
And all that was in my heart —
O, I was heavenly happy then,
And knew not we were to part!

My petals are withered, and faded too,
My day is almost done,
Yet still I watch for a glint of wings
In the light of the setting sun.

And I know, O foolish flower that I am!
Were you to return once more,
Tho' you took my love, yet left me here,
I would love you as before.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Mignonette

FRANK FLINT

Reed College

Mignonette! Mignonette!
Pouting lips all in a pet;
There's a tear — now don't try winking!
You can't escape the truth by blinking!
On your cheek it's trembling yet,
Mignonette.

Fie! would blue-eyed Pretty let
Just a little teasing wet
Cheeks too sweet to need a sprinkling?
Ah! behind the clouds there's twinkling
Starlight, 'tween your eyelids set,
Mignonette.

Now a smile, and we'll forget
That a shower we ever met.
Clouds may have a silver lining,
But your smile, when it is shining,
Showers gold — that's better yet —
Mignonette!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Joffroy Rudel's Song in
"La Princess Lointaine"
(*Translation*)

GRACE HAINES

Pacific University

It is a thing oft done
To breathe a sigh profound
For some dear Mistress fair, brunette, or blonde.

Such be the case?
Ah, well the day!
I love, *unseen*, the Princess Far-Away.

It is a thing most natural —
What beauty lies in this? —
To love that one whose raiment thou mayest
kiss;

To love the one
Whose hand in thine may stray?
I love, *distant*, the Princess Far-Away.

It is a thing supreme,
Unloved, to love
Constant forever as the stars above;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

And thus it is with me
And proud am I to say
I love, unbidden, the Princess Far-Away.

It is a thing divine,
And one loves not in vain
When he in fancy feels his love and suffers pain.

Were there no dreams
This life would prove most gray.
I love, idealized, the Princess Far-Away.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Penelope
(*From the Italian*)

HARRY DEFERRARI

Dartmouth College

Penelope of mine, 'tis you
Who shield a modest face,
Who scorn with virtue half divine
Gallants and all disgrace.

To thwart the work of slanderous tongues
Your pure sigh intervenes:
And to ill-thinkers you display
The sacredness of queens.

And even in the worldly dance
Majestically you go,
With eyes from which a single look
Can turn desire to snow.

Your weaving of the tapestry,
How nicely you pursue it!
You weave by day—but in the night
How sweetly we undo it.

A Memory of Greek Games

MARY A. JENNINGS

Barnard College

Chaos reigned.
A swirling mass of colors, grave and gay,
Purple, and black, and gold, and green,
Violet, and blue, and orange,
Mingled together in a riotous sea.
Shoutings and cries, piercing, discordant, harsh,
Echoed in deafened ears from every side.
Sudden a note of music sounded, clear and sweet;
The tumult hushed the crowd grew still.
A stately group of maidens, singing hymns of
 praise,
Offered their gifts before the altar of great Pan.
And that was all.
And yet that was not all —
Together we had planned the picture, and to-
 gether we had made it live,
We were sublime creators on that golden day;
And to each member of the shouting throng,
 there came
An echo of that quiet joy and deep contentment
That must once have come to God,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

When on the seventh day He looked upon His
work
And saw that it was good.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Goddess Ch'en Fui

ELIZABETH REYNARD

Barnard College

Red lanterns were about you. It was night,
And cherry blossoms covering all the skies
Were like a host of milk-white butterflies
To branches harnessed, clustering in flight.
You stood amid wisteria, the light
Of one low candle at your feet, your eyes
Like glowing stars. I watched the incense rise
Until, mist-like, it vanished from my sight.

Then, did you stir? The soft curve of your lip
Seemed wrought to speak, or better to conceive
A grave smile, lingering, gracious, which
Would like a blessing cheer our hearts, then slip
Into the night. I cannot yet believe
You were a statue in a crumbling niche.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Sonnet

HORACE WILLISTON

Reed College

With bended knee of marble on the shore
That girds Ogygia's sylvan paradise
The fair Calypso, with her sea-blue eyes
Weeps tears more bitter than the waves that pour

Their weedy brine about her on the floor.
More gold her hair than sun in noon-day skies,
That flows about those breasts that heave with
sighs
For him, the crafty, that shall come no more.

With anguish darker than a mortal knows —
Her bloodless face upon her soft arm prone —
She dreams on Ariadne's tearful woes,
But dreaming cannot make less sour her own.
Without a glance at where the wanderer goes —
Far off at sea — she 'waits the night alone.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Revealing Moments

ALICE D. SHEARSTON

Florida State College for Women

To gaze, in wonderment entranced,
Upon a rose, of beauty set apart;

To hear, in breathless thrill,
A mystic chord that must have known a heart;

To feel, in awe o'ercome,
The surging might of waters, vast and deep;

To touch, in perfect rounded softness,
A child's rose-tinted cheek, in sleep;

To love, alone and silent,
Thy Spirit, never quite as near
As, in enwrapping, velvet darkness,
One trusts, and knows no fear.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Had You But Lived in Some More
Gracious Time

FRANCES C. COCKE

Barnard College

Had you but lived in some more gracious time
Men would have cast a radiance round your
 name,
And held you as a saint. Your fragrant fame
Had colored romance, and made golden rhyme.
From the bright window of some gorgeous aisle
Your tender glance had calmed dark agonies.
A child had flung away his revelries,
And watched with beating heart to see you smile.

Yet even now your face has found a shrine
Where sweet-tuned bells of gratefulness ring
 clear;
Where Reverence is the incense, and no art
Compels Love's Candle steadfastly to shine.
Ev'n there I turn, in passion, joy or fear,
To love you in the cloisters of my heart.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Songs of Federigo

*Suggested by Boccaccio's Decameron
The Fifth Day, Novel IX.*

AGNES PIEL

Barnard College

Give all, give for love, ye swains,
Count not the cost;
Where love, sweet smiling love but reigns,
Nothing is lost.

Thy mistress favors trinkets neat?
Stint not thy gold;
Thy kisses will not taste so sweet,
If she be cold.

True love did ever scorn to play
The miser's part;
Thy horse, thy hound, give all away,
And add — thy heart!

Then wring the hand that she disdains,
And wound the air!
Give all, give all for love, ye swains,
And learn — despair!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In Future

VERNA BAYLES

Wilson College

I shall find you again,
Some dear, glad day.

Somewhere in the still, dim dusk of a sun-flecked
wood,

I shall find you.

And I think your eyes will be a little grave,
Filled with a look I have not known.

So shall we stand,

In a silence interwoven with the whispers
Of all the dear things you have said to me.

I have remembered them all,

And they shall be

Threads of the purest gold in the cloth of silence,
Bright threads on its quiet greyness.

And there will be

No need for words, for our eyes will tell

All that has gone before,

And we shall understand.

I shall find you again,
Some dear, glad day.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

I Send You My Thoughts

HELEN FRANCIS

Mt. Holyoke

I send you my thoughts
That are colored green like the meadows.
Today I send you my thoughts
At the first shy wind of dawn.
Thoughts calm as the wind on the heather
Blowing its harps in fair weather,
Thoughts serene like a smooth-lying feather
On the back of a slow, white swan.

I send you my thoughts, —
Flame-colored, laughing, and dancing.
Today I send you my thoughts
That are weary of waiting to fly.
Like young folk eager for seafaring
Thoughts gay, debonair, and daring
Like the foam the wave crest is bearing,
They frolic a moment and die.

I send you my thoughts
Purple as shadows at evening.
Today I send you my thoughts

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And I mingle the old and the new.
Like dusky swallows winging,
Tonight from my heart they are bringing
You laughter, old tears, and singing;
With prayers I give them to you.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Dreams

HARRY EDELSTEIN

College of the City of New York

Your hand in mine, we'll sit,
Outside — the wind and rain,
And let the drifting world
Bring old dreams back again.

A poor rose in your hair,
A tear in your eye,
Dream on your wonder dreams
And so will I.

See! rags have changed to gold,
And numb hearts glow, afire,
In fancy roaming, each
Is now his soul's desire.

Ah, were no tear in your eye,
And were your fancies true
You'd ne'er give me your heart
Nor I love you.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The dusk is growing dim,
No more the dead dreams shine,
Then give me your poor rose
And fold your hand in mine.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Fulfillment

CATHERINE URELL

Elmira College

The ice-bound stream that waits for tardy Spring
 To warm it into song,—and waits in vain;
 The eager harp, that silent must remain
Until the master hand shall wake each string;
The lark that hath not felt, beneath his wings,
 The buoyant sweep of azure-golden air;
 The half-blown rose that hath not known the
 fair,
Sweet touch of sunshine;—all the host of things
Starving each for the plentitude of that
 Without which it must incompletely live,
 Blind for the want of light whereby to see,
Mute, with no call for its Magnificat, —
 I was of these, to whom Fate does not give
 The highest good, until you came to me.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Jaharzi

I

JOHN EDMUND MOODY

Williams College

The dawn has come. A gust of air
Stirs in the folds of my coiling hair,
Wafting fragrance of myrrh and spice
To me who sit in the ivory chair.

Faint is the gleam of the tapers tall,
And the fleeting shapes on the curtained wall,
Dragon, serpent, and horrid sphinx,
Wierdly fascinate, frighten, enthrall.

But I do not tremble at things like these,
While the black cat sleeps in silken ease,
And I am bound in a mystic spell,
As I hold the idol upon my knees.

The idol I brought from my own far land,
When King Aharnib sought my hand,
A teraph studded with chrysolite,
Its power I dimly understand.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

My pulse beats fast. Lo! far away,
The song of the Virgins at break of day,
The white-robed Virgins who serve the Queen,
Approaching the temple where they pray.

Ah! dream, my soul, of the heated past,
The throbbing heart, and the face aghast,
The hand that smote and the voice that
 quailed;
And dream of the peace to come at last.

II

I called to mind a feast, one summer's night,
With od'rous spice, flowers, and deep red wine,
The palace hall ablaze with golden light.

The King sat high, his black locks crowned
 with vine,
While I, the haughty Queen, was standing near,
Arrayed in cloth of gold and samite fine;

When one arose, an old man and austere,
Whose beard was streaked with white. His
 name I know,
Jaharzi, whom the people deemed a seer.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

"Flee, O King, thy guilt! For even though,
With offerings of rams and massy gold,
Thou kneel within the temple's portico,

"God still will slay thee! For behold,
I am His Prophet, and in wrath I say,
God smite thee!—as the sacred script foretold."

The lords watched each the other in dismay,
For each one knew the King had sinned; that he
Had prayed to false gods in a falser way.

Long time the King lay sick, and visibly
The ruddy color faded from his face,
As by his couch I sate, and stayed to see

Grim Death contract him in her strong embrace.
Then spake I to the Virgins, "Go ye fast
To do my word, for night comes on apace!"

Yea, at the word I spake they stood aghast,
And heard with fright the blasphemous com-
mand,
But vowed to do it ere the long night passed.
(They took the whetted dagger from my hand!)

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

III

I screamed, and sprang from the ivory seat,
The idol, tumbling, fell at my feet,
 The black cat woke with a horrid hiss,
For the time was fulfilled, the hour complete.

The idol broke on the gem-laid floor,
And a wind blew wide the brazen door,
 The white-robed Virgins who serve the
 Queen
Stole by, and in their hands they bore

A loathsome thing. For, drawing near,
I saw their faces were gray with fear,
 Bringing to me on a purple pall,
The head of Jaharzi, the prophet and seer.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Subway

TO EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Feb. 24, 1919

RALPH GORDON

College of the City of New York

I get me down
Into the warm, fetid entrails of the lubbering
city.
The black maw gapes for me;
The stench of intestinal exhalations
Rise up about me.
I am jerked down the belching throat;
Foul gases choke my nostrils;
I am seized by an inexorable might:
Seized, swallowed and swept away
Down the awful tract of the suffocating dark-
ness.

And now all about me:—
The smell of hot steel;
And leather moist with sweat;
The rank, damp smell of the sweltering crowd;
The devilish burning bulbs

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Over the ghastly placards;
The swaying, sagging, jolting
Of the listless crowd;
The throbbing might,
The roaring, crashing might
Of the iron-muscled fiend,
Hurling through darkness
With its clammy load
To dump it *Slush*
Into some bubbling cauldron
Rank with the fumes of half digested things
That once were men
With sunshine playing on their wind-whipped
cheeks.

Squeezing, grinding,
Iron-muscled fiend
Hurling through endless night
With feverish haste
Upon the service of thy giant heart,—
That heart whose beat
A million pulses swells,
And makes to throb a mighty continent.

Hurling through endless night
Load upon load of hurrying menials

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Eager in service to a busy land.
Bearing them swiftly
To a thousand posts,
In shop and factory,
In office, store, and school;
Bearing them hence
When soothing shades of night
Have dropped their peaceful veil upon the
world.
Bearing the pleasure-seeker,
Gay of smile and flushed with zealous joy,
Seeking contentment in the melting wind.
The banker, plump-fed, rounded, rosy,
Yet stern beneath his silken gentleness;
A feline shrewdness
Lurking in his eyes;
His lips elastic
To his mind's dictates:—
Now softly-sweet,
Now iron-resolute;
Now generous as dallying breeze of May,
Now flinty-hard as is the Crack of Doom.
The student busy with his books,
Or preaching gospel
To a well-trained friend.
The girlish lady primed and powder-puffed,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The raw-boned girl tricked up to matronliness.
The female sloven
And the genius male;
The doll, the tailor's dummy
And the tramp.
And Mr. Embonpoint
And Mrs. Far-about;
A puggy-fat brunette;
A silken-socked hook-nose,
Well Adam-appled and blue goggle-eyed.

The seedy clerk whom polish cannot save,
Whose cuffs are frayed,
Whose shoes are out at heel,
Whose hair is neatly slicked,
But thin, alas,
And straggling down,
Beneath a greenish hat,
Upon a pair of ears
That never hear, it seems,
The tantalizing swish of shower-bath.

The gangster with his gold and emerald cuffs,
And diamonds making bright his manly breast.
And a musician with contented look
Upon his precious, tender-sheltered instrument.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The cynic with the gimlet eyes,
More diligent to ferret out a fault,
Than ever was a saint to save a soul.
The lawyer smugly conscious of his worth;
And ready to dispute a sparrow's peep.
The theatre-goer with the Broadway gloss;
The washerwoman with the weary droop;
The factory-worker with her startling hat;
The vampire of the Five-and-ten-cent-Store;
A dainty lady from Fifth Avenue;
And an atrocity of Grand Street's best.

The aged mother with the sad, sweet face,
The anxious mother with the furtive look,
The mannish mother with the self-concentered
 poise
And heavy hand for childish whimpering;
The modest mother with the big blue eyes,
The slattern mother
All embarrassment,
Half-ashamed, half-proud
Of her young prodigies.
The gentle mother
Smiling to her babe,
And blushing ever
At a stranger's gaze,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The mother with the babe,
The mother with the soldier son,
The mother with the daughter,
Lovely both,
The mother faded in her daughter's bloom;
The mother rich,
The mother poor,
The mother joyous
And the mother sad;
Yet always mother
Written on the face,
Or in the first, faint silvering of chestnut hair,
Or in the weariness of folded hands,
Or in the lovely depths of peaceful eyes.

The poet happy in a vagrant smile,
Or moved to pity by a passing frown,
Resounding willy-nilly to the love,
The hate, the fury
Of the whirling world.
Men play upon him,
And his song
Is but the echo
Of the passing soul.
And oft his melody in Beauty soars,
And oft it grovels at the feet of Hate;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

But ever are his eyes far-fixed on distant shores
Where the vast ocean of another world,
Breaks with a sweeter music than we know.

All these thou bearest, iron-muscled fiend,
Through heated darkness of the boweled earth.
And thou dost vomit forth
All breeds of men
That ever looked upon the light of day.

Thou art Democracy;
Thy maw the melting pot;
And thou dost mould and shape the perfect
man;
For from the stench of Democratic Strife,
Where Beauty strives
In mortal grip with death,
There yet shall rise
A voice of mighty power,
And it shall lead aright the Sons of Man!

The Ship-Yards

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER

Bryn Mawr

They were a strong people; forests snapped
and fell,
They fanned their flames to heaven, they dug
their mines to hell;
They seared the sullen iron, they drilled the
clanging steel,
And axes trimmed the pine mast while forges
shaped the keel.

They were lordly people and flew their pen-
nants high,
Those vessels churned the ocean and talked
across the sky.
Marrow of earth was pounded to a smooth-run
anchor chain
For ships that carry thunder and ships that
ferry grain.
Mountain depth and summit gave their tough-
est fruit:
Coal and beam and rivet. — Rust and dust and
soot

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

When all their fleets are ruined that tread the
ways so proud,
And new pines on the mountain will chant
their songs aloud.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Silhouette*

DWIGHT DURLING *Ohio Wesleyan University*

Night was like a huge black canvas....
Storm had flung great drifts of whiteness
'Gainst the shadows of the factories;
Streets, like snow white arms, were winding
Round the night's great husky shoulders;
Mounds, like fair firm breasts were lying
In the soft embrace of darkness.
On the snowy slope dark figures,
Silhouetted, forward bending,
'Gainst the chiselled hillside flickered—
Like the shadows of bright flame tongues
On a marble bust of Venus....

*The third shift is going to work at midnight
in a January snowstorm!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Solid Timer

WILLIAM MAXWELL *University of California*

Six hours a day in the Jute Mill—
Save Sunday and an occasional Friday—
A cell, bare, whitewashed and cold;
A grave-shaped window striped with rusty
 bars,
Outside, a gray reach of stone wall;
A guard, with a black, well-oiled rifle,
Forever pacing up and down,
Up and down.....

At long intervals footsteps in the dark corridor
That clamp into and out of the silence;
A waste-pipe that sobs hysterically now and
 then,
And a human being, awaiting the peace
Of the white-crossed hill just "outside,"
Who, under the pressure of the misshapen years
Has grown to accept these things as the full
 of life.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

A Steel Heater

J. FRANK WALLACE *Notre Dame University*

Though hours are long and weary grows my
frame,

What matters it? The world still cries for
steel.

I am a man, I answer that appeal.

Unstoried though my days, unknown to
fame,

I think in deeds. I pray in labor's name.

And battling life with keen and charging
zeal.

I triumph. Oh, the sense of power I feel!
I move the world. I work, I fight, I'm game.

My furnace is a concentrated hell,

Where fiery ice floats in a burning lake

And dragons lurk, their venom'd sparks
to throw.

Let poets sing of sheltered sylvan dell,

Philosophers their deep conclusions make,

But I have life. The whistle, boys.

Let's go!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Faith

ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER *Goucher College*

Let men expound the worth of varied creeds,
Set forth the true religion of each one
In well-turned phrases full of sounding words.
I only know the pigeons whirl as glad
Around the Mosque of Omar as around
The dome of Peter's, and they loved to fly
As well among the ancient citadels
Of ruined Athens, as to-day they joy
To skim Westminster's mighty battlements.
They count it truth that God is on His throne;
If He be Jove or Allah matters not.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Undying Gifts

I

KATHRYN WORTH

Converse College

When those who live the life of dreams have
died

And gone to God's eternal home of men,
Their living gifts of Song and Brush and Pen
Are not in Heaven their magic voice denied,
But rather touched and changed and magnified
Beyond the farthest dream of mortal ken.

God gives the painter all his tints again
And bids him paint the skies the whole world
wide;

The flaming dawn and crimson sunset glow
Or sapphire sweep of sunny noonday blue;
The soft gray summer twilight's afterglow,
When earth and air are wet with gleaming
dew;

The sullen, fire-rent clouds of rain and snow,
And jewelled night of stars and ebon hue!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

II

God puts the four-stringed harp of winds that
blow

Between the dead musician's hungry hands,
And bids him play it over seas and lands,
Through night and day as he shall will it so—
To woo a tiny breeze so soft and low

That only children playing on the sands
Or lovers wandering down the starlit
strands

Shall hear its wistful, singing music go—

Else twilight nights when forests aisles are dim,

• His hands may lift aloft on tranquil wings,
In golden notes, a solemn evening hymn

Till earth and air and all creation rings;
Or wild, black nights above the ocean's rim

Wrench out a tempest opera from the strings.

III

God takes the poet, shining-eyed and wise,

Far out beyond the golden city gate

Where baby souls for mortal trappings
wait—

Then silently He stands with smiling eyes
(For well God knows a poet understands)

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

To watch the singer take his gift of song
That he has held so close and loved so long
And place it in an earth-bound baby's hands!

Oh, grieve not for the soldier dreamers dead —
dead—

Though bodies crumble, genius never dies—
Their music's in the swinging winds o'erhead;
Their pictures gleam upon us from the skies;
And out of new-born poets' lips instead
Their tender, unsung melodies will rise!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My Song

MARGARET BLAND

Agnes Scott College

When flowers bloomed along the way
To fill the hands of Spring,
And blue sky blotted out the gray,
I had a song to sing,
But flowers fade too soon and fling
Their petals all athrong
One rose I saw—a shattered thing,—
And half forgot my song.

When the winds piped a softer lay,
And birds sang on the wing,
And music met the soul in play,
I had a song to sing.
But my chimes soon ceased to ring,
The notes, somehow, seemed wrong,
And though still their memories cling,
I half forgot my song.

When dreams crept near to sway
My inmost thoughts, and swing
The whole world far away,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

I had a song to sing,
But dreams alone could not bring
Forgetfulness along,
I felt the world's cold sting
And half forgot my song.

ENVOY

When joy seemed crowned, a king,
I had a song to sing;
But my way was rough, was long,
And I half forgot my song.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Violin

W. ERWART MATTHEWS *Baylor University*

Only a twisted, curiously-wrought thing
Of blackened wood and taut-drawn string,
Upon the table there;
Beside it close a slender bow of rosined hair.

The Music Master's pale and tapering hands,
Like china delicate, but strong as iron bands,
Nestled it close up to his shrunken breast,
And when he had made soft and firm its rest,
He swept the bow across the strings—

Ah, then

I quite forgot the walls that shut me in!

I chased witch fireflies through the green
 swamp's mire;
I drowsed in dreams before a winter fire;
I laughed and ran with satyrs in the wood;
I trudged up long slopes till at last I stood
Upon a pinnacle of rock and knew
The thrill of seeing all earth in a single view.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

I screamed the call of hate across the plain,
And rushed ahead baptized in steely rain,
And tore my way through barricades of flesh,
Through shell-holed fields and jagged barb-wire
mesh,
To grasp a hand upon the last lone wall
And with a shout to see it sag and fall.

I heard the tinklings of far temple bells
Come in faint echoes and sweet silver swells;
I pattered lightly through blue-ivory rooms,
And, when the brass gong's slowly measured
booms
Called all to prayer,
I knelt devoutly on the porcelain stair.

Love's warm pure softness held me close to her,
Heart beat to heart, and quick pulse stir to stir,
Hushed whisperings, potent silences, and faint
Unuttered dreams and hopes—the soul's re-
straint
In things too precious for the purest word;
Thoughts that are vulgarized by being heard.

I sought to pull apart Life's amber veil
And look beyond, and, as I seemed to fail,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Eternity's dim curtains drew aside
And down the gold-washed avenue world-wide
Came God The Truth and with me did abide
A moment tenderly—

And, then,
The four grimed walls came close to shut me in!

The Music Master sighed and placed it on the
table there—

That twisted, curiously wrought thing
Of blackened wood and taut drawn string
And bow of rosined hair.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

To The Memory of the Russian
Girl Soldier

PRISCILLA HOVEY

Mt. Holyoke

Child of a rising dawn!

Stalwart sister of man!

Your heritage Darkness, your birthright Woe,
You have flung them aside; and taken your
stand,

A vision before you, a sword in your hand.

Womanhood sublime! pulsate with life!

You glow with man's power; gone into the strife,
With him to fight Darkness and Woe.

Glorious child of the dawn!

Child of a bloody dawn!

Fragile sister of man!

The battle is hard 'gainst Darkness and Woe;
The weight of the ages lies heavy enchained.

Your sword is broken, your vision stained.

They quiver, your people,—dazed, maddened, be-
trayed,

Bleeding, dumb beasts, that rage to be paid;

Paid for their Darkness and Woe.

Helpless child of the dawn!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Child of a godless dawn!
Pitiful prey of man!
You have failed in your fight 'gainst Darkness
and Woe.
Eyes closed to the vision, sword rent from your
side,
You lie slain by your people, slain in hell's tide.
Sham'd man! that heart, those breasts that bleed,
That mangled form—a woman! fed to the greed
Of the fiends of Darkness and Woe.
Martyred child of the dawn!

Child of a better dawn!
Mother and saviour of man!
You will win in your fight 'gainst Darkness
and Woe.
They will take, your sisters, the vision and sword,
Fallen and sullied where your life blood
poured,—
Kiss them as sacred, and bear them on high.
They forgive man his sins, and they're willing to
die,
To free him from Darkness and Woe.
Holy child of the dawn!

The Spirit of Fiume Speaks*

MORLEY DOBSON

Harvard University

I am a Queen whose palace is the sea,
And to my courts come men from all the last
Far ports, from South and East and West and
North.

I bear the shield of Rome beside my own,
And through the long dim centuries of night
I keep alive the fire of former years.

All through the darkness of departing years,
Alone between the mountains and the sea,
I wait, a silent watcher in the night,
For the awakening that shall be at last,
When Peace is come again into her own
And Concord rules the kingdoms of the North.

Methought I heard a voice from out the North:
"O thou that canst remember other years,
Be patient, for thy glory is thine own.
Though men betray thee, trust thou yet thy sea,
That never hath betrayed. O Queen, at last
Thy dawn shall rise — but first must pass the
night."

*Awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I see a star that glowers in the night,
Blood-red, above the ranges to the North —
An evil star, foreboding strife to last
Bitter and without respite in the years
To follow — and I weep beside the sea,
Knowing that she will not forget her own.

My people — ah, my people will not own
Me now, but leave me helpless in the night,
Upon my rock above the rising sea,
To be the spoil of strangers from the North,
Crying, "Our Queen is broken with the years.
Let us away : her power cannot last."

Yet I am still a Queen ; and at the last
My people will reclaim me for their own,
And crown my brows with laurel in the years
Of peace and freedom : then by day and night
My greatness shall be sung through South and
North
And in the farthest islands of the sea.

Ay, when the last clear dawn has vanquished
night,
My foes shall own me sovereign in the North,
And I will rule my years beside the sea.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Madness

JOHN McCLELLAN WITHROW *Williams College*

You, do you doubt the Gods of Old?
You look at me askance
Yet when the nights are murk and cold
I see the Furies dance.

They dance, and dance, like shadow things.
Harpies come here at night
Against the windows beat their wings
And press their faces white.
I saw Aurora just this dawn
Upon a coral cloud
And when the wind blows, off and on,
Aeolus speaks aloud.

You, do you doubt the Gods of Old?
Beware what you profane.
I know, though doctors I am told
Believe I am insane.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Futility

BENJAMIN LEVINE

The College of the City of New York

"Of writing many books there is no end."—

I asked the sage, "In seven thousand years
Of hopes and disappointments, smiles and tears,
Perhaps there may yet come one man who'd lend
His life to study? one man who could send
The answer ringing down the ages, 'Here's
The thing all men have sought, the thing all seers
Have prophesied. I've seen; I comprehend!'"

The sage looked up from yellow manuscript
And sadly smiled, "I've read, I've written,
thought,

I've searched in all the ancient hidden nooks,
And yet, somehow, somewhere, the answer slipt
One inch beyond the place where I had sought.
There is no end of writing many books."

Straight-Backed Chairs

EUGENE PILLOT

Harvard University

Once when my host and I were taking tea,
A youth was there —
A youth with hair of brown that turned to gold
As he flung himself upon a pale blue couch
In the studio on the hill.

My host and I, in straight-backed chairs,
Sedately sipped our cups of tea.
But the youth with hair of brown that turned to
gold
Stretched his brown-clad form on a pale blue
couch
And drank his, drop by drop, from his finger-
tips —
In the studio on the hill.

Entranced, my host and I
Gazed at the amber dripping to those lips of
Spring.
With sudden anguish, we yearned to leap from
straight-backed chairs

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And straight-backed lives —
Yearned to drip our tea, drop by drop, from our
finger-tips,
Like the youth with hair of brown that turned to
gold
In the studio on the hill.

But my host and I had sat too long in straight-
backed chairs.
And to-day we sit there still,
Yearning — always yearning
To be so free as that young life
That flung itself upon a pale blue couch
In the studio on the hill.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Success

MARY ST. CLAIR HESTER *Connecticut College*

A withered hand reached out,
So old, decrepit, dry, and sore,
It grabbed the border of my cape,
A leper at my door.
I pass it by.
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on.
Why should I heed
A broken leper at my door?

A tiny hand all cold and chill,
It bears the cut and bruise of war,
It cannot close to clutch my cape,
An orphan at my door
I pass them by.
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on.
Why should I heed
An orphan lying at my door?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

So let them reach, and clutch, and beg,
The strong I love, the weak abhor.
I'm needed in the ship of state.
I trample beggars to the floor.
I pass them by.
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on.
Why should I heed
A beggar grovelling at my door?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Oxford

MORA SCOTT

Miami University

I shall always think
Of you
As a great Tabby cat
Sleeping in the sun
Before a fire of hot, leaping youth.
When I felt most wind-sandal-ed
You maddened me.
I could almost hear you purr
With contentment
I never knew.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To My Mother

J. GORDON AMEND *Pennsylvania State College*

The great Wise Man sat very still
And looked down at the world —
Confusion — chaos — everywhere —
Pygmies mere of empires strong
Where manikins do hold the throng
Of nations in their grasp.
“Futile world,” the Wise Man said —
And turned his head,
As if to hide the sightless picture that it made.
And then he thought, as to himself,
But in the wisdom of our God
That world was made,
So — somewhere — in that labyrinth of life
Dwells something that is in itself of beauty —
 love
And is apart from all the idle strife.

And so the Wise Man left the Heaven Gates ajar
And journeyed earthward —
Many days and far —
Into the Ways of Man

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

To find that thing of beauty — love
That dwelt apart therein.
Long, long days and endless nights

He searched the world from zone to zone
And then returning — in his grasp
With three things to his throne.
Three things — just — from all the world
His searching price to pay —
A baby's smile — a Mother's love —
And the sunshine of a Summer's day.

Three things — just — from all the world —
He looked at them again —
His priceless treasures three
But lo! the threatening clouds of rain
Had stolen all the sunshine from his day —
The baby's smile had faded to a frown —
Two priceless treasures gone —
The Mother's love alone was left to crown.

With the one thing earthly in his grasp,
The fruits of all his pain,
He walked into the Gates ajar —
The world was not in vain.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Heritage

BEULAH CHAMBERLAIN

Yankton College

My parents of a far dim century
I give you thanks for this: That one black night
When life's small things seemed deadening your
sight, .
A spark within leaped free
And led you out, flame-white, to keep a tryst
With bending stars and mountains in a mist!
You give to me
God, in the singing of a wind-swept tree.

That Silver Haired Mother of Mine

GEO. ZEBROWSKI

Purdue University

You can boast of your lovers, your sweethearts,
and such,

I sing of *a mother*, whose love is divine.
How gentle her chiding, how tender her touch.
That silver haired mother of mine.

When round me the waves of misfortune en-
croach,

And I falter and fall in the line.
Hers is the faith that admits no reproach,
That silver haired mother of mine.

Once seared with the shame of an unruly flame,
An outcast, a leper, I pleadingly came —
She sought not to question, she asked not the
why,

But nobly she stood at my side to deny —
The taunts of the world, the scorn of the world —
That silver haired mother of mine.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Visions of glory — youth's madness subsideth,
I see all is vain ! And dejected I pine,
To journey, to hasten, where patiently bideth,
That silver haired mother of mine.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

"For I am Brimful of the Friendliness"

—*Keats*.

MAVIS CLARE BARNETT

Wellesley College

There is a friendship greater than our years

And all the little sorrowings of earth.

It is the friendship that has found its birth
Through sharing pain, through half-remembered
fears

That linger in the heart, through grief that sears

The soul to higher nobleness and worth.

It is the friendship born of pleasant mirth;

It is the deeper friendliness of tears.

And I have made my friends a sheltered place

Where all my dreams and strange religions
lie,—

Deep-seeing Homer with awakened face;

Wise Chaucer with a chuckle in his eye;

Keats, flushed from his brave searchings into
space;

And Wordsworth saying great things quietly.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Dreamer Speaks

DESSIE N. SHACKLEFORD

Florida State College for Women

And so you think that I have failed,
In that I leave no traces visible
Of earthly effort made? But what availed,
That I, whom all term dreamer, should aspire
Seeking to chisel out in cold, mute stone
What all the while in living I have loved,
And paid my homage to—spirit of heaven's own
fire?

Let others sing of fame and glory won,
And point with pride to various works attained;
For me, the joy of ever pressing on
To reach my peaks of glory in the skies,
To feel the nameless thrill of untouched things.
You builded with your hands, I, with my heart;
And who shall say whose steeples higher rise?

I could not so have served humanity,
(If true it is my songs shall count for aught)
Had I not, like a rocket, daring, free,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Shot upward, up, to catch some heavenly spark,
Bearing it earthward, when in turn I fell,
To give to you: my mission thus fulfilled.—
—See, how that little candle brightens up the
dark!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

There?

HELEN SPINNING *University of Rochester*

“But did you not find glory there?”

“Glory there? Why, dear, I said
There’s filth and sickness and despair
And swift shells flying overhead;
But glory? Well,
There’s glory in men’s eyes”, he said.

“But did you not find beauty there?”

“Beauty there? Why, dear, I said
There’s blood and agony and care
And barren fields, and dead;
But beauty? Well,
There’s beauty in men’s souls”, he said.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

A Picture

JULIA EVELYN CLARK

Elmira College

There is my lover—golden knight,
He stands there, and the waning light
 Flashes across his sword and lance,
 Ah! life — and love — and young romance!
I come and look at him each night
 For a long time (*and then I dance*).

Gay poet — lips that curve and smile,
Deep eyes so restless for awhile,
 I watch him till I'm scarcely sane,
 I leave — but I come back again.
Now he is grave and cold. The smile
 Is gone. (*I run out in the rain*).

Then this is all? No creed is right —
There is no Soul — no Infinite —
 Too dear, I loved him most of all —
 I laugh because my heart-words fall
On ears that will not hear — I fight
 The fates — (*but come! let's go play ball*).

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

An Old Manuscript

ELIZABETH C. MORRISON

Wellesley

Here on the desk it lies, where the soft touch
Of mellow lamp-light smooths its wrinkled face
With warm caress. How worn and frail it is!
And thin as birch-bark papered from the tree,
When, with a fine, swift stroke, the flashing
knife

Bites in the curling, wounded edge and parts
That slender unity and makes it two,
Spread limp and unresisting on the hand;
Then slow the stubborn pen forms out a word
Of greeting from the hollows of the hills:
So fine and sheer this yellowed sheet appears.
How many peaceful days linked peaceful days,
While some grey monk close by the sun-warmed
wall

Of a scented cloister garden, long ago,
With loving pen traced in these clumsy words.
And here his fancy took a curious twist,
Making some capital a thing amazed,
Turned, all bewildered, on itself again!
His simple color lures him to the pot,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

And when his drunk brush rises from its depths,
Dripping great drops, red as his own heart's
blood,

He ever turns it dry, to save the rest.

Then, bending close his mild and watering eyes,
With weighty frown, his hard-set, quivering hand
Sets in that wondrous color. And a smile
Breaks on his face, as moonlight through vague
clouds

Silvers the reaches of a silent sea —

A smile half stifled, sadness, knowing well
How many suns shall fade his scarce dry ink,
When he has dropped forever ink and scroll.
Perhaps a wistful hope gleams through his mind
That savage raid and turmoil in the land
May spare some fragment of his humble dream,
And wing his message deathless down the years.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Sonnet

MARTHA HART BLISS

Radcliffe College

In rocky pools the sea-anemone
With stately grace unfolds her feather fan,
And in her cool, moist nook throughout the span
Of her dim life, she waves it languidly.
So, through its twilight days, the soul of me
Has dreamt in sheltered indolence, nor can
It often leave the niche where it began
Its placid life in dun tranquility.

Yet, like the sea-gull, when its swooping flight,
Leaving behind the safety of the shores,
Parts the thick fog like a white streak of light
Or battles with the north wind, and still soars
Triumphant—sometimes love has brought me
might
To mount on wings exstatic to the height.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Smiles

ESTHER SHEPHERD *University of Washington*

There are two kinds of smiles :
One is the rising curtain
Revealing a scene from the drama of the soul ;
The other is the lowered curtain
With a false picture painted upon it.

I have grown very tired of that same old picture,
And I want so much to see the play.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Horace

*Book 1 — Ode 7**

JOHN DRAPER EVANS *Harvard University*

Some may sing of Rhodian splendor, or of
Mytilene's pride,

Or of Ephesus, or Corinth walled between the
double tide,

Or of Thebes renowned for Bacchus, or Apollo's
Delphic spell.

Some may laud the charms of Tempe in Thes-
salia's verdant dell

Hailing virgin Pallas' city in an endless song
of praise,

Wreathing ever round the forehead olive plucked
from all the ways —

This the single task of others. Many a one to
Juno's fame

May exalt steed-rearing Argos, rich Mycenae may
proclaim.

But to me stern Lacedaemon no such rapture
may impart;

*Awarded the Sargent Prize for 1920.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Rich Larissa's fertile meadows not so stir my
 longing heart,
As Albunea's roaring cavern and the headlong
 Anio
And the Tibur grove and orchards where the
 restless waters flow.

As the cloud-dispelling South Wind often clears
 the lowering sky,
And no longer brings forth showers unabating
 from on high,
So do thou, O Plancus, wisely, let this precept
 e'er be thine:
Quench thy sorrow and life's burdens with the
 draught of mellow wine.
Quench them when the shining standards of thy
 camp enclose thee round;
Quench them when thy Tibur's shadows shroud
 thee in a shade profound.

They have told us that great Teucer, when he
 fled his native state,
Salamis and sire behind him and ahead his exiled
 fate,
Bathed his temples with Lyaeon, wreathed them
 with a poplar crown,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And addressed his sad companions with this
counsel of renown:

“Whither leads a kinder fortune than my par-
ent would bestow,

We will go, O fellow-farers, thither, comrades,
we will go.

Never fear while loyal Teucer is the captain of
your way;

Never fear while Teucer’s spirit guides your for-
tunes in the fray;

For Apollo, ever faithful in his promise, hath
foretold

Of a Salamis, unfounded, which will emulate
the old.

Oh ye brave hearts and ye stout hearts that have
suffered sterner blows,

That have oft along with Teucer weathered far
more cruel woes,

While the present is auspicious, drive your cares
away with wine;

Once again upon the morrow we will tempt the
boundless brine.”

To Rupert Brooke

MARION THANHOUSER *University of Wisconsin*

I can't believe the world's an empty place
And knows no more the glory of your face;
But still, I think, beyond the wanderer's sea,
In some far sun-drenched island, you are free
Of this obliteration men call death;
That you still take the day with one strong
 breath

Of young exultance, and the tropic night
With your old yielding wonder and delight.
Surely those precious places that you knew,
Most intimate and gay because of you,
Either those spots of high extravagance,
Your glowing islands of amused romance,
Or where the stars familiar were
Above the trees at Granchester
Still hold you. If I walk the world's long
 ways,

I know I'll happen as in other days
To find you suddenly, without surprise,
You smiling with your clear and eager eyes—
And know again life's one and valiant truth,
The strenuous abandonment of youth.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Poet

ROLAND P. MACKAY

Emory University

You may sing of your king and your potentate,
You may boast of your monarch on high,
You may talk of your lord and your leader
of state,
Or the power to command of his eye:
But the scepter is only an emblem of might,
Though brilliant its glittering gleams,
And the poet is monarch, though pauper he be,
For he lives in the land of his dreams.

There are kings who have glory, and princes
with power,
And emperors mighty and bold,
But their pomp and their splendor are but for
an hour,
And are measured with glittering gold:
While the poet can sit in his cabin at night
And build him a palace of dreams,
And walk with the angels, or dine with the
stars,
And muse on celestial themes.

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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

And tonight if a light from the throne of God
Should fall on the couch where I sleep,
And I should be given to ask as a gift
A blessing to have and to keep,
I'd take me no scepter—I'd have me no crown—
Nor ask for the power of kings,
But simply the heart of a singer of songs,
That I might be dreaming of things!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Power

CHRISTOPHER LONGSTRETH WARD, JR.

Williams College

The poet speaks,—a wond'rous tale he tells
Of longing, and of strange, unanswered pain,
Of hopes and wishes some day to attain,—
His loves:—low autumn suns and light-
 streaked dells.

What melody is there!—now tinkling bells,
Now crash of chords, now soft sweet evening
 rain;
Now surge of surf, now smoothed and calmed
 again;
Now anthems chanting, hymns of love,—or
 knells.

The voice goes on, and on our souls it plays
As some old bard might play on minstrel harp,
Thrumming it soft and low or twanging sharp,
As pleasure wills, in ever changing lays.

By what strange grace, oh Poet, art thou strong
To stir our inmost being with a song?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Poet's Dreams

EVANS PAGE HAM *College of the Holy Cross*

Amid the silent vastitudes of Space,
Amid the stars that thread the cloak of night,
Wander the wingèd dreams, and in their flight,
Perchance enmeshed within the lucent lace
Of light, entangled wings, the while they trace
A baffled flapping 'mid the maze, are white
With star-dust. So, the dreams forsake the
 height
Of Heaven and seek below man's lowly place.

Into the World they pass between dull bars
And through Thought's many-pillared house
 they sigh,
And sighing, sometimes loosen golden flakes
From off their golden wings; then seek the
 stars.
And where they've passed, there Inspirations
 lie,
But where the dust has fallen, there Genius
 wakes.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Study Period

RUTH E. HENDERSON

Barnard College

“The farmer lives in the dell;
The farmer lives in the dell;
Heigho and tarry-o,
The farmer lives in the dell!”

Outside the windows of the Study Hall
A score of second-graders chant their rhyme,
And wilful feet within, tap wistful time
To the insistent, lilting rise and fall
Of the childish voices' chime.

The Farmer, it would seem, may choose a wife
Just as he pleases, and the wife may choose
A child, the child a nurse—but here I lose
Count of the order of their choice. I know
Only that they lead a carefree life,
At will to come and go
Never having heard of Latin prose;
Nor is there ever any better strife
With English themes or Algebra for those
Who all their lives may dwell
Beside the Farmer in his happy Dell.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

No wonder Youth is wriggling restlessly,
Within old walls, behind old yellow desks,
Chafing that they're chained by walls, and me,
And try old sallow tasks.

All Spring is breaking into young ferment;
All the outside world is turbulent;
—And even school-time tasks would not so
 bore 'em,
If they might only whistle softly o'er 'em!

It's very well for Age to nod and know
The Farmer's life itself is weighed with woe:
A springtime freshet soon may flood the Dell
And carry off the chicken coops; the cow
May die; the Farmer's wife grow lean or fat.
Maturity and Wisdom will avow
That this is truth;
But youth
Cares little for all that.

Youth wiggles, yawns, and waits the lagging
 bell
That turns it free to frolic in the Dell.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Garrick's Last Curtain

JOSEPH M. BEATTY, JR. *Goucher College*

My gracious friends, I thank you one and all
For your applause that brings me here before
you

To say a few brief words in last farewell.
To-night I am not Hamlet or Othello,
But only Garrick; though, God knows too well
That Garrick is a mingling of them both.
And half a dozen more. But Hamlet, aye—
It must be so—to-night, my Hamlet dies,
Not Shakespeare's Hamlet, Quin's, or Better-
ton's,
Who died long since, but David Garrick's
Hamlet.

Others may tread this stage, strutting about,
Baying the moon with bellowed epithets,
And yet, if I mistake not, they must bear
A certain cast of feature like mine own,
Being descended, royally in line,
From Garrick's Hamlet, now about to die.

We actors, masked in paint and tawdry garb



A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Become submerged in those whose lives we
play—

Ye mock at us, who night by night assume
New parts—ye think me heartless though I
weep

When sweet Ophelia lieth in her tomb—
Know, now, that when the philosophic Dane
Mourns for his love departed, I am he:
Garrick no longer: Hamlet torn with grief,
And growing old with burden of dead tears.

An actor is a man of many souls,
Who lives more glorious moments of import
Than any saint or martial potentate:
Now Antony encircled by the arms
Of Egypt; Lear wandering in the storm;
And now, Othello mourning for his bride—
O Desdemon, O Desdemon, whose eyes
Still haunt me with their liquid loveliness—
Thine arms of alabaster veined with blue,
Thy lips—but for the moment I forget
That I am Garrick, bidding you farewell,
An aged man who dwells upon old days.

You will forget—for even men forget—
The actor whom you knew not save as him
Who nightly touched your hearts with many
woes,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And lived full many an hundred lives in one —
The player dies, yet why should he complain
That unremembered he must burn away
Until the candle sputters — and goes out?
The wearied actor plays his final part,
Then passes back again into the wings,
Forgotten — but an untold guerdon lies
Within the fulness of his myriad lives,
His consciousness of ever-flowering art
That men shall watch, and murmur:—“This is
Truth.”

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

At The Theatre

VERNON K. PATTERSON

University of California

Dead and forgotten was his violin

That one last song, a moaning wisp of rain
Had fallen,—You—you with throat and arms
and soul

Of scarlet—you like some swift tingling stain
Swept the dumb radiance of our promised dawn
Before our eyes in a tumultuous flood
That was not to be seen by priest or fool,
For blood is blind, and you a blot of blood.

How shall I know that you were all a lie?

For love of you I would have killed you there
With my strong hands. I could have cried to
Jove

And bound you to my lips with your gold
hair.

I left, cold wind upon my throat, I thought

Of one who falls asleep with a dear smile
Upon his face, and dreams of sunlit trees
And does not know that he is dead the while.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Premonition

(Written just before the zero hour)

WARREN FREDERIC LEWIS *Stanford University*

Oh that the wings of Pegasus were mine
tonight,

That, covered by the darkness of the hour,
swift flight

Were possible, and I could wing my way to thee.

There is nothing *here* to fear in death from
bursting shell—

For, death is beautiful, like tones from some
struck bell;

The thought of separation stings — *that*
frightens me.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Ancestors

IDA JUDITH JOHNSON *University of Missouri*

They stand about in eager rows,
They crawl and crowd and peep,
And I have reason to suppose
They very seldom sleep.

A Puritan says Bible words
To exercise a Cavalier;
The looks that pass are sharp as swords
And pale with mutual fear.

A kiltie from a mountain clan,
A Frenchman of the "Old Regime,"
A Tory and a Minute Man,
How out of sorts they seem!

I cannot make a single move
To try an unknown track
But one will hold, and one will shove,
And one will draw me back.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Quest

MURIEL MOSHER

Barnard College

Twilight had cast off her flimsiest veil,
Tossing it forth through the silent East
And as it drifted down in the sky,
Hand after hand smoothed out a fold,
And tucked in the world all about.
And where the veil lay entirely spread,
A bird quivered forth.
Upward and upward it soared far out of the
world
Betwixt the earth and the sky.
Then suddenly it quivered no more,
But sank through the ether,
Until it hovered above the tree.
Again it quivered upward,
Its black wings beating against the sky,
And slowly reached heaven, as it passed out
of sight.

When the last veil of twilight had stolen down,
Enshrouding the earth in the shadow of night,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The bird's black form splashed out of the dark,
And with wings flapping more strongly
It sought its abode for sleep.

Tell me, bird, what brought you back?
Was it the futility of beating against an im-
penetrable will,
Or did the earth from there seem lovelier than
before?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Rebel

ELLSWORTH STEWART *University of California*

A wreath of thorns; a barren grave; a gallows
on the hill;

And this is the fate for you, my lad, who have
a rebel will.

The hempen collar fits you well, and the
gallows tree is high,

We have only the will to live, but you have
the will to die.

The cringing hangman grips the rope and the
Chaplain kneels to pray;

Men die for kings, men die for love, but this
is the better way.

The blood on your hands is dry and brown,
but the blood in your heart is red.

Die with a will, lad, you will find good friends
among the dead.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Dust

P. T. COONRADT

Hamilton College

I am the dust—
The offscouring of men;
I am tossed by the winds
And am powerless and lost.

You do not think—
Lover, man-of-the-world, beggar—
As you crush me under foot,
That sometime
In our planes of existence,
I may be the wind—
And you the dust.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Invictus

JOHN ANDREW WITHROW *Williams College*

Bury me where I fall. The world's a little place,
And we but atoms in it, poppy flowers
That bloom, and fade, and bloom through count-
less hours

A broken petal, lay me on earth's face;
I ask no more. Earth's debt to me so payed,
To rest! Nor scribble on a stone;
Into the vast vault let me go alone,
My epitaph one like me, unafraid
Of all this or of death. Yet poppies leave
The birds a will to sing and sunset glow
In every heart. I crave from you who know
Me, just a poppied memory. Nor grieve—
You, too.—But if my song was sweet, my laugh
Pure joy, echo, and Death will lose his half.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Death

CATHERINE C. LEACH

Boston University

Dead with a smile upon your face,
Released by God at last,
Only a boy you lie out there
Where the rain of shell has passed.
And your youthful face is sweet, poilu,
With a holy radiance —
Do you dream of the ones you loved and left
When you died for bleeding France?

Is it the ray of setting sun
That falls across your cheek
Which makes the peace on your marbled face
A thing all men might seek?
Or, poilu, does the Christ come by
To touch with His finger-tips
The faces of all the young who die
With a smile upon their lips?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Perspective

A. BINNS

Stanford University

Tomorrow, or in fifty years,
Some little corner of the world
Shall note with mixed feelings that I am dead.
But if you are there, do not believe it
That it was pneumonia, or the paralytic stroke,
Or car accident—or whatever it may be,
That killed me. For death is no such easy matter.

Rather, say this to yourself:
“It was when he learned to fight, and tiring,
Found there was no rest.
It was when he felt himself lose faith.
It was when life broke his idols.
It was when he saw one man tramp thousands
down.
It was when he fought with the oppressed,
And winning, saw them blindly turn
Into oppressors.
It was all these times he died, and now,
Being dead, he has ceased dying.”

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

Elizabethan: To the Bereft That They
Bewail No Longer Their Beloved

KATHARINE L. WARD

Bryn Mawr

We have wept ourselves, and now hear others
sigh —

Sad eyes, oh leave your weeping!
It is a restful thing that men must die
And in the end be sleeping.

Earth is a kindly couch where all may rest,
Lover beside dead lover,
Hand against hand, breast against curving
breast,
And the green grass for a cover.

Here is the truest marriage, in the tomb,
Where none may part us ever —
Oh lovers all, haste to the bridal room
Where we may sleep forever!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Post-Mortem

GLENN HUGHES *University of Washington*

White sheets are for the living, not the dead.

Oh, wind not the poor, cold dead in colder
white!

But rather give them to the glowing red
Of fire's caresses and their warm delight.

Sad songs are for the living, not the dead.

Oh, chant not mournfully above the tomb!
But carol some bright melody instead,
And let a dance of May dispel the gloom.

Limp flowers are for the living, not the dead.

Oh, lay not drooping rose and violet
Beside the grave, but strew the grassy bed
With apple-blossoms wild, and mignonette.

If That Sweet Stranger Death

STANLEY KIMMEL

University of Southern California

If that sweet stranger, Death,
Doth find me wandering far from home,
Within some land, which, stranger still to me,
And yet my voice, my step, hath known,
Unfurl the emblem of proud Liberty,
And mark the spot Columbia's Own;
For there will lie a thing
Which she once thrilled with life,
A thing which knew the splendor of her glorious
 days,
And loved her deepest hush of night.

Let it be as if some boyish holiday
Had given the pale sky
A tint of loveliness;
Had trimmed the golden sunset
With a purple ray;
Had changed the night
Into a flash of gold,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Then silently had wandered on,
And left it to be washed away,
As castles pictured by the sand
Pass into the sea at dawn.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

The Suicide

GLADYS GREEN

Stanford University

Poor heart, poor heart!
So new to living, yet so tired of it;
So young and yet so weary of the way!

Knew you no art
To coax from life the smile desired of it,
No trick to ease the burden of the day!
All ignorant how the inspired of wit
Suck sweet from sordiness, mould gods from
clay!

Had you forgot
Each haunted midnight brings its tender dawn,
Each feverish noon the twilight's mother-touch?

Grieve not, grieve not!
The morn you could not wait for is not gone,
Nor lost the evening which you feared too
much.
Surely the gentle Christ we lean upon
Has quiet words and pitying arms for such.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

An Epitaph

LISA FRANK

Washington University

Truth was my only God. Upon his shrine
I laid down Joy, and Hope, and slew my
Dreams,

Greedy of greater radiance than the beams
That from his face on milder vot'ries shine.

So, last, I slew Love's self, and hands all red
I raised. But in the temple fell black night
Save where the dying glimmers of his light
Shone—from the twisted faces of my Dead.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1918-20

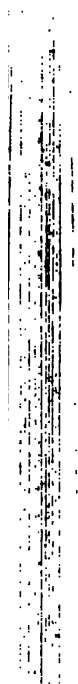
To P—

WILLA B. MORRIS

Randolph-Macon Women's College

I cannot think of Death and you together,
Nor speak your name in reverent, whispered
awe;
It still comes to my lips bringing whimsical
memories
Of you and life,
Death is too dignified—it cannot be that you are
comrades.

I cannot think of Death and you together,
Unless death be
Some jesting fellow laughing heartily
Beneath his stately robes —
And you have torn aside his awesome mask.



OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION



Other Poems of Distinction

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

Music	<i>T. A. Meister</i>
The Spirit of the Summit	<i>H. G. Morse</i>
Darkness and Dawn	<i>H. P. Starr</i>
The Lost Way	<i>D. G. Williams</i>
Communion	<i>D. H. Williams</i>

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Heritage	<i>Lois Drake</i>
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ALFRED UNIVERSITY

All	<i>LeRoy Ernest Fess</i>
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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

Steel	<i>F. W. McCluer</i>
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AMHERST COLLEGE

Painting Ship in the Tropics	<i>P. W. Conrad</i>
The Oriental Rug	<i>L. H. Field</i>
To Evaline	<i>Joseph R. Karp</i>

BARNARD COLLEGE

Riddle	<i>Beatrice L. Becker</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

May Morning	<i>Emily May Dowling</i>
The Ship of the Meadows	<i>Elizabeth Harlow</i>
The Concert	<i>Ethel A. Kossman</i>
Virginity	<i>Mary Ellis Opdycke</i>
Artist and Child	<i>Hope Satterthwaite</i>
On Greek Games	<i>Antonia Schwab</i>

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

A Sonnet	<i>J. Adrian Dowdle</i>
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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Contrariety	<i>Phyllis Coate</i>
Faraway Notes	<i>Walter B. Foley</i>
Night	<i>Laura Gotberg</i>
Dawn	<i>Ida Horblit</i>
The Shrine and the Way	<i>Esther MacCormac</i>
Tot	<i>R. Lawrence McGuffin</i>
April	<i>Grace Sue Nies</i>
The Solitar	<i>Marion L. Starkey</i>
Reverie	<i>Aida E. Troiano</i>
The Heart-Flower	<i>Antoinette Vidal</i>
On the Road	<i>Shields Warren</i>

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

The "Think"	<i>F. W. Anderson</i>
An Old Pipe	<i>J. L. Badger</i>
To E—	<i>J. S. Draper</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Who Conquers	<i>C. S. Little</i>
Professor Elliott	<i>Robert Morse</i>

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

Down Fifth Avenue	<i>Florence Billstein</i>
Lantern Night	<i>Helen D. Hill</i>
To the Hill-God, Pan	<i>Betty Kellogg</i>
German Helmet	<i>Vinton Liddell</i>
Poem	<i>Prue Durant Smith</i>
Figures in the Fog	<i>Gordon Woodbury</i>

CAMPION COLLEGE

The River	<i>William A. Commerford</i>
The Train	<i>Gerald Baskfield</i>
A Brook	<i>Milton Gremore</i>
Where Candles Grow	<i>James A. Magner</i>

CAPITAL UNIVERSITY

A Thot for Today	<i>Frank A. Jordan</i>
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CARTHAGE COLLEGE

Imagination's Castles	<i>Babette Kaltenbach</i>
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CLARK COLLEGE

Twilight Time	<i>R. C. Brierly</i>
Who Art Thou?	<i>Edwin R. Clark</i>
You Ask Me	<i>Dwight L. Muyskn</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON

Summer Is Coming	<i>R. M. Figg, Jr.</i>
A Persian Fantasy	<i>E. I. R. Jennings</i>
Japanese Folk-Song	<i>Irving Schwerke</i>

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Sonnet to God	<i>Emanuel Gold</i>
Fantasie	<i>Howland Hood</i>
In Memory	<i>Sig. J. Levy</i>
Spring And —	<i>W. R. MacLeod</i>
The College	<i>Fred Miron</i>
Spring Nights	<i>William Needles</i>
Hands	<i>Ruth Rhodes</i>
Madnesses	<i>William Siegel</i>
Indian Lullaby	<i>H. H. Sussman</i>
False Idols	<i>Henry Zolinsky</i>

COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE

Goodnight	<i>Anna F. Guilfoyle</i>
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COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

Guidance	<i>Clara Glenn</i>
Dream Flag of Erin	<i>Mary M. O'Laney</i>

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Dead	<i>Robert A. Pines</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

Spring Fashions	<i>Allison Hastings</i>
Death	<i>Alice Lane Gardner</i>
My Warrior	<i>Miriam Pomeroy</i>

CONVERSE COLLEGE

My Star	<i>Mary Bosse</i>
Autumn Thoughts	<i>Lilla Campbell</i>
The Pool	<i>Ella Lindsay</i>
The Brook's Song	<i>Helen Fayssoux Russell</i>

DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Mystery	<i>J. A. Harm</i>
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DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

There Was a Day	<i>Cecil Hamilton Goldbeck</i>
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DAVIDSON COLLEGE

What Is Life	<i>William P. Cumming</i>
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DICKINSON COLLEGE

My City of Dreams	<i>G. Hurst Paul</i>
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DRAKE UNIVERSITY

Columbine	<i>Benjamin Rosenbaum</i>
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ELMIRA COLLEGE

Love Song	<i>Nancy French</i>
Moonbeams	<i>Valerie D. French</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

EMORY UNIVERSITY

A Prayer *W. T. Langston*

FAIRMONT COLLEGE

Sonnet *Elizabeth McCausland*

FINDLAY COLLEGE

At Close of Day *James E. Wagner*

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

The Prairie *Mary Louise Sturman*

GOUCHER COLLEGE

Inquisition *Margaret Murray*
Vespers *Hope Nelson*

HAMILTON COLLEGE

The Ghosts of the Village *Philip C. Jessup*

HENDRIX COLLEGE

Little Daisy, Be His "Big Red Rose" *Ray Wingfield*
The First Violet *Autrey Young*

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

In Miniature *Leo J. Casey*
Dutch Song *John Fallon*
Bacchic *John Laux*
The Pirate-Chief *Matthew F. McGuire*
My Muse *Arthur J. O'Leary*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Phantom Ships *James J. Tennyson*

HOLLINS COLLEGE

The Spirit of Hollins *Elsie Evans*

HUNTER COLLEGE

I'd Give My Love *Helen Feldman*

A Love Charm for C. D. *M. Concepta McGuinness*

HURON COLLEGE

The New Day *H. G. Lawrence*

JACKSON COLLEGE

To the Winter Wind *Margaret Robbins*

The Lure of the Country *Gladys I. Porter*

Come Back in Lilac Time *Bertha M. Newcomb*

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

Football Victory Over Cornell *H. J. Rosenberger*

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

Naught But the Sea Hath Speech *Dorothy M. Riggs*

MACALESTER COLLEGE

The Ships of Pearl *Ralph Baerman*

Shadows *Merle Johnson*

MT. ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE

Rain in Spring *Ruth V. Purvis*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Poem	<i>Helen E. Anthony</i>
Snow Storm	<i>Elizabeth Frellick</i>
The Smile of the Angels of Rheims	<i>Mildred Gignoux</i>
The Bubble	<i>Helen L. Kintz</i>
Mephistopheles' Ballet in "Faust"	<i>Elizabeth Pilat</i>
I Built a Temple to the Praise of God	<i>Dorothy McVickar</i>

NEWCOMB COLLEGE

A Thought on a Bright Morning	<i>Lois K. Pelton</i>
The Dreamer	<i>Lucy Renaud</i>
Death	<i>Marcia Snell</i>

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

On a Book of Poems	<i>Mary H. Blair</i>
The Lake	<i>Kathryn Willis</i>

OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

Desert Suns	<i>Edith Kinnamon</i>
The Weary House	<i>Eilien J. Mordy</i>
The Lure of the Desert	<i>Howard N. Morse</i>

OHIO UNIVERSITY

April Nights	<i>Julian Archer</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

The Horse	<i>Mrs. Candus Martzoff</i>
His Presence	<i>Josephine Wiebbin</i>

OUACHITA COLLEGE

The Hero	<i>Maibelle McCullough</i>
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PACIFIC UNIVERSITY

The Boy With Wings	<i>Margaret Narsh</i>
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PHILLIPS UNIVERSITY

My Butterfly Boat	<i>Gladys Andress</i>
Our United Heart-beat	<i>Irice Butler</i>
Omnipotence	<i>Chas. F. Harmsworth</i>
Soul Solace	<i>Elinor Lennen</i>
The Wind of the West	<i>Lois Wiggins</i>

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMEN'S COLLEGE

Life	<i>Gladys Bennett</i>
Perfumes	<i>Phyllis Crawford</i>
The Ghosts of the Flowers	<i>Susan Duncan</i>
Evening	<i>Arline Eubank</i>
Indifference	<i>Margaret Gammon</i>
The Source of Happiness	<i>Maru Virginia Kagey</i>
The Misfit	<i>Ida B. Routh</i>
The New Era	<i>Katherine Vaughan</i>

REED COLLEGE

On Hearing Chopin's	
Revolutionary Etude	<i>Harvey Eagleson</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Tommy, Having Been Spanked *Ruth Erwin*
Evening *Shirlie Swallow*

SIMPSON COLLEGE

Lines on the Passing of One
 More College Day *Milton McKay*
Armenia's Plight *Mildred Mott*
The Building *Stuart Shaw*
Where the Nodaway Just
 Nods Away *Allan Stanley*

SPRING HILL COLLEGE

My Friend Overseas *S. Gerard Cassale*
Somewhere at Sunrise *E. A. Hughes*
A Christmas Vigil *J. Mead*

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY

Your Evening Prayer *Gerald Zankl*

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

The Greater Song *Wm. S. Bowdern*

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

Dance of the Fairies *Mary T. Yellott*

ST. MARY OF THE WOODS COLLEGE

Acushla Macree *Mary McEvoy*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

A Song of a Dead Heart *Marion Myers Casey*

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

If You Can Dream and Not Make
Dreams Your Master *Helen Taylor*

THE JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

Prayers *Evelyn Cole*
Communion *Geneva Gregory*
Exit *Miriam Herron*
My Mother *Ruth McKinney*
All the Men of All
the World *Mary Esther Parkinson*
Inspiration *Harriet Mildred Wiley*

THE WESTERN COLLEGE

Your Quiet
Strength *Margaret Johnston Brandenburg*

TRINITY COLLEGE

The Children's Friend ' *Martha Flanigan*
They Do Not Know *Helen Louise Jackson*
The Silver Poplar *Louise Keyes*
Rain *Mary Thomas*

UNION COLLEGE

Don't You *L. C. Freedman*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

As Horace Might Type It Now *R. Gillespie Walker*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Day *Josephine Brown*

For Lack of Breath *Harlow Clarke*

Shadows in the Street *Lee M. Neideffer*

A Cynic Moralizes *Julia Rodman*

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Career *Earl Leslie Griggs*

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

Mother of Mine *Lawrence H. Skinner*

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Away From Me *Burnett S. Ivey*

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

In the Rockies at Night *Wm. A. Bridge*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

A Song *Richard Aldrich*

A Girl's Words *Colber Foreman*

Ode to a Friend *E. L. Kerchner*

A Long Journey *John Steidl*

Spring on the Prairie *Betty Wiley*

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Organist *Arthur Wykes Brown*

In Flander's Fields *M. Hardy Heth*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

The Organist *Arthur Wykes Brown*

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

From the Sky *Ione K. Baker*

When Comes the Unbidden Guest *Ivan Benson*

In a Street Car *E. MacAlister Hepburn*

Gypsy Melodies *Sophia Hubman*

Sacrifice. *Jean M. Keller*

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Solitude *Frank S. Farrington*

Bonnie Laddies *Cyril F. Gaffney*

In a Cloistered Yard *Arthur Hope*

The Hermit's Song *John H. Moynihan*

Comradeship *Paul Scofield*

The Filial Stars *Leo L. Ward*

A Soldier's Spirit Speaks *Leo R. Ward*

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Sometimes *Marjory Stewart*

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

The Hills in the West *Lillian Ross*

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

At the Corner *Chas. Edgar Gilliam*

Seaward *Fred P. Myers*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The Picture of Glory *Arthur E. L. Nelson*

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Snow *Raymond O. Bartels*

To All Lovely Liars *John Culnan*

November Wind *Frances Dummer*

Corsair's Toast *Paul Gangelin*

Proof *Elsie Gluck*

You and I *T. E. M. Hefferan*

Parbleu *Eve Knower*

To a Stray Dog Sleeping in a
Philosophy Class Room *T. L. Scholtz*

UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

The Song of the Waterfall *Martha Marquis*

VASSAR COLLEGE

This Have I Learned *Mildred Gutwillig*

To a Cat *Grace W. Price*

VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

The Masks *H. M. Reynolds*

WASHBURN COLLEGE

Helianthus *Florence Fair*

An Easter Lily *Helen Faye Fair*

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

To a Feline	<i>Frances Broermann</i>
Spring Fantasy	<i>Jane Durfee Johns</i>
The Passing	<i>Mary Stephen Kenrick</i>
Niagara	<i>C. J. Stowell</i>

WELLS COLLEGE

The Sea Gull	<i>Ruth J. Barber</i>
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WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Atonement	<i>Josephine Phyllis Clark</i>
Rune for the Fall	<i>Ruth Metzger</i>

WESLEY COLLEGE

Summer Evening	<i>Julius B. King</i>
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WESLEYAN COLLEGE

Ashes of Thanksgiving	<i>Rebecca Caudill</i>
Poem	<i>Helen Dennis</i>

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Dialogue with a Gypsy Woman	<i>Earl W. Hildreth</i>
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WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

The Banquet	<i>Margaret Bailey</i>
Understanding	<i>Julia Carola Bell</i>
The Coming of the Snow	<i>Ruth Bradway</i>
Poem	<i>Dolores Cooke</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Fairy Frost	<i>Mercedes Keegan</i>
Impressions	<i>Ruth Lomnitz</i>

WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE

Wishes	<i>T. S. Buckley</i>
To the Cave	<i>W. G. Keith</i>
Little Dead Day	<i>Polly Simpson</i>

WHEATON COLLEGE

The Two Cups	<i>Florence Brigham</i>
Horace, Odes III, 3	<i>Kathleen Emerson</i>

WHITMAN COLLEGE

Sleep, My Babe	<i>Alan Reynolds Thompson</i>
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WILLIAMS COLLEGE

Death	<i>Samuel Wagner Anderson</i>
Fog	<i>Frederick Austin Burwell</i>
Man and Nature	<i>Nelson Sherwin Bushnell</i>
Evening on the Carrilon Canal	<i>Robert Bruce Hyndman</i>

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

A Song of the Road	<i>Helen Goltra</i>
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WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE

Night and the Stars	<i>Dorothy Green</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

WILSON COLLEGE

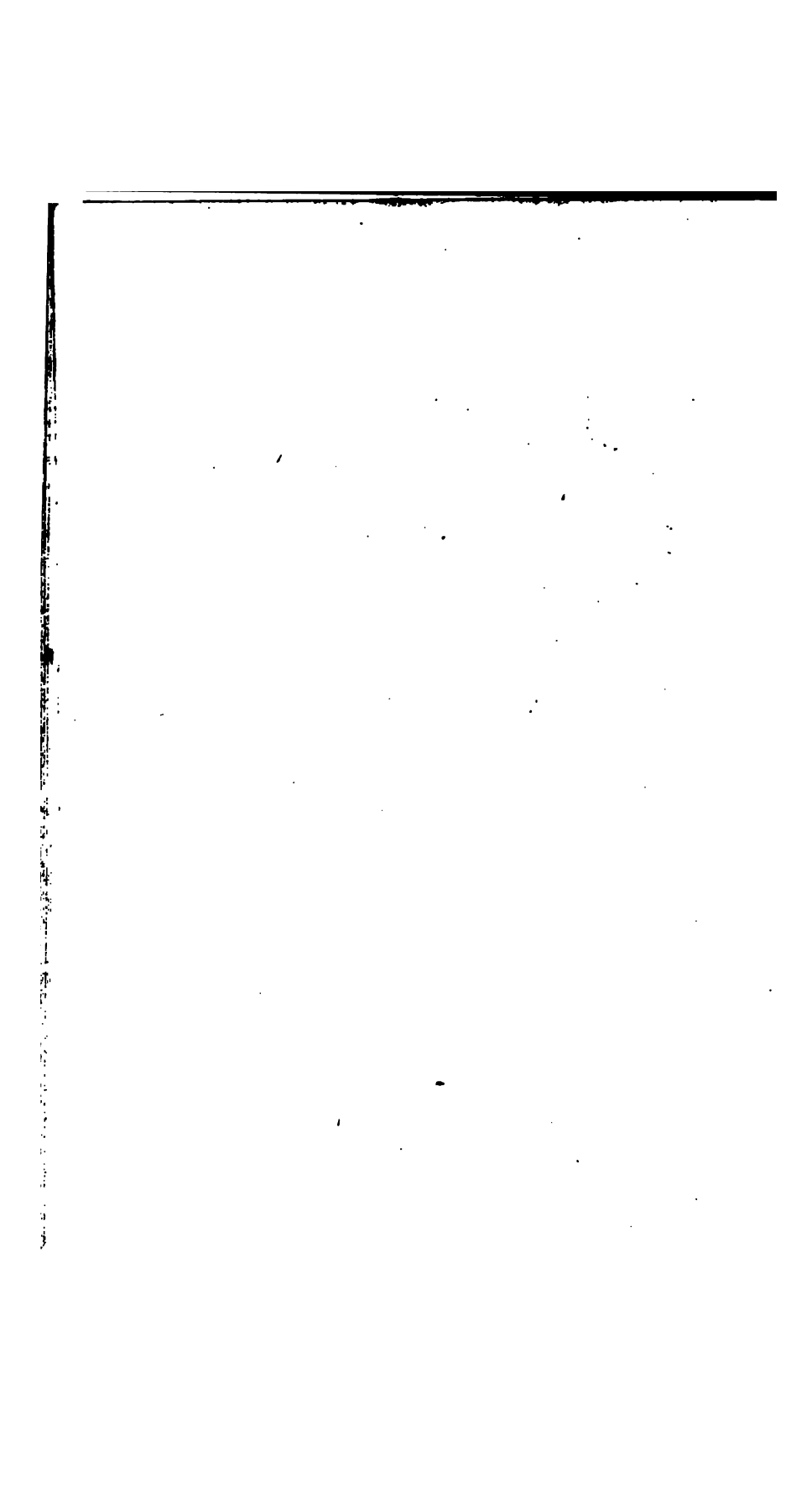
At the Window	<i>Dorothy Bailey</i>
To a Baby	<i>Ruth Davidheiser</i>
September	<i>Phyllis Gregory</i>
Illusion	<i>Von Schlieder</i>

WOMEN'S COLLEGE OF DELAWARE

Class Poem	<i>Alice L. Roop</i>
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YALE UNIVERSITY

The Mother Country	<i>Amos Niven Wilder</i>
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